THE CHILLING ARCHIVES OF HORROR COMICS!™

HAUNTED HORROR

YOE® COMICS

Mr. KARSWELL

HORRORS OF IT ALL

SPECIAL!

#27

Mr. Karswell illustration and Horrors of it All logo art by Drazen Kozjan.

HELLO *FIENDS* AND LOVERS OF THE *MACABRE!* YOU'VE FINALLY ARRIVED FOR THE ACCLAIMED AND TERRIFYING *THIRD INSTALLMENT* OF *"THE HORRORS OF IT ALL"* 3-ISSUE *HAUNTED HORROR* SPECIAL! UMM, I SEE THAT SOME OF YOU TRIED *SEWING YOUR EYELIDS* AND *LIPS* SHUT AS A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE. BUT BE WARNED, AS WE *KAMIKAZE SCREAM* TO OUR *UNBEARABLE CLOSE,* THIS EXTRA UNHEALTHY DOSE OF *BATTY PRE-CODE PLAGUES* WILL MOST CERTAINLY BE THE *FINAL NAIL* IN YOUR CREEPY LITTLE *COUGH'INS!* I SINCERELY HOPE YOU'VE ENJOYED YOURSELF OVER THESE LAST FEW ISSUES—NOW HANG ON TIGHT FOR THE *FINAL RIDE OF YOUR LIFE!*

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Look for another spine-tingling issue of *Haunted Horror* in two months!

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This special issue was edited by Mr. Karswell of The Horrors Of It All blog http://thehorrorsofitall.blogspot.com.

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HEH...HEH...HEH..WELCOME TO THE HOLE OF HORROR, KIDDIES! I'VE GOT A GRUESOME BIT OF TERROR FOR YOUR APPETITES! IT'S A FAVORITE OF MINE...HEH...HEH...HEH! A SICKENING LITTLE SAGA I CALL...

The running ghost!

L-LUTHER! OH, NO... I'M...I'M GOING MAD! IT CAN'T BE! YOU'RE DEAD!

YES, PAUL...I'M DEAD... AND IN A MINUTE, YOU WILL BE TOO!

EMBALMING FLUID

OUR STORY OPENS BACK IN 1864, KIDDIES..., AT A FUNERAL PARLOR ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A SMALL TOWN...

THE TWO FUNERAL DIRECTORS, LUTHER DENNIS AND PAUL FRANKLIN, WATCH AS THE BEREAVED WOMAN LEANS OVER HER HUSBANDS CASKET...

NOW, MRS. FELLOWS, YOU MUST TRY TO BE BRAVE!

OH, (SOB) T-THANK YOU, MR. FRANKLIN, FOR BEING SO KIND! I (SOB) DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D HAVE DONE WITHOUT YOU AND MR. DENNIS!

R-REST WELL, HENRY DEAR! I-I'VE (SOB) PICKED A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE SPOT UNDER A TREE FOR (SOB) YOUR FINAL RESTING PLACE!

Mysterious Adventures #12, February 1953. Artist unknown. Publisher: Story Comics.

HENRY FELLOW'S FUNERAL IS HELD ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

DEAR LORD, WE BRING YOU THE SOUL OF HENRY FELLOWS, A MAN WHO...

OH, HENRY, (SOB)...

HEH...HEH...HEH... WHAT A PITY THAT HENRY'S ASSEMBLED FAMILY AND FRIENDS CAN'T SEE INSIDE HIS COFFIN... FOR IT IS EMPTY...

AFTER THE FUNERAL, PAUL AND LUTHER RETURN TO THEIR OFFICE...

HA HA HA HA! I COULD HARDLY KEEP A STRAIGHT FACE WHEN SHE WAS TALKING ABOUT "HENRY'S BEAUTIFUL RESTING PLACE UNDER A TREE!"

IF SHE ONLY KNEW WHERE HENRY'S REAL "RESTING PLACE" IS GOING TO BE! HA HA!

AN HOUR LATER THERE IS A RING AT THE REAR DOOR AND THE TWO FUNERAL DIRECTORS ADMIT A MAN TO THE EMBALMING ROOM...

GREETINGS, BOYS! HAVE YOU GOT MY STIFF FOR ME?

SURE, HARRY, WE'VE GOT HIM... IF YOU HAVE THE TWO HUNDRED!

HARRY POWELL IS THE TRUSTEE OF A NEARBY MEDICAL SCHOOL... AND HIS "BUSINESS" IS SELLING DEAD BODIES!

THERE HE IS, HARRY!

EXCELLENT! I'VE GOT A STUDENT ALL LINED UP FOR HIM!

AND MINUTES LATER, THE DEAL IS COMPLETED...

THERE YOU ARE, MY FRIEND... TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS! WHEN WILL YOU HAVE ANOTHER READY?

WE'VE GOT A WOMAN SCHEDULED FOR WEDNESDAY! I'LL CALL YOU WHEN IT'S ALL SET!

AFTER POWELL'S DEPARTURE, PAUL AND LUTHER COUNT THEIR PROFIT ON HENRY FELLOWS "FUNERAL"...

EIGHT HUNDRED FROM MRS. FELLOWS FOR THE CASKET AND FUNERAL... AND TWO HUNDRED FROM HARRY FOR THE BODY!

A THOUSAND BUCKS! IT'S A SWEET LITTLE RACKET, PAUL!

AND WHAT DOES HARRY POWELL DO WITH THE BODY, YOU ASK? HEH... HEH... HEH... LET'S FOLLOW HIM TO HIS OFFICE AT THE MEDICAL SCHOOL...

JARVIS SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE... AND THAT'LL MEAN A NEAT LITTLE HUNDRED DOLLAR PROFIT FOR ME! PRETTY NEAT FOR AN AFTERNOON'S WORK! HA HA HA!

WILLIAM JARVIS, A SECOND TERM MEDICAL STUDENT, ARRIVES AT HARRY'S OFFICE A SHORT TIME LATER...

WELCOME, MY BOY! YOUR CADAVER IS HERE WAITING FOR YOU!

M-MR. POWELL, I... I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING POSSIBLE... BUT I WAS ONLY ABLE TO RAISE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS!

NOW LOOK HERE, JARVIS... IF YOU WANT TO GRADUATE FROM THIS SCHOOL, YOU MUST HAVE TWO YEARS WORK IN ANATOMY...

...AND IN ORDER TO TAKE A COURSE IN ANATOMY, YOU NEED A DEAD BODY... AND YOU'LL HAVE TO BUY THAT BODY FROM ME! NOW STOP STALLING, AND GET THAT MONEY!

Y-YES, SIR! I'LL GET IT! SOMEHOW I'LL GET IT!

WELL, KIDDIES, THAT'S HOW THE LITTLE RACKET WORKS... NICE, EH? IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOW, PAUL, LUTHER, AND HARRY CONTINUE THEIR FOUL PRACTICES...

TRY TO BE BRAVE, MR. KENT!

DADDY, (SOB) WHERE'S MOMMY?

THIS HAS BEEN A GOOD WEEK, BOYS! THIS IS THE FOURTH STIFF!

HERE IT IS, MR. POWELL... THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

BUT AS FAST AS THE MONEY ROLLS IN, THE MORE PAUL WANTS...

HERE'S YOUR SHARE OF THE TAKE, PAUL! OVER FIFTEEN HUNDRED FOR THE WEEK!

YOU SOUND LIKE IT WAS A MILLION, LUTHER! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT BIG MONEY IS! YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A PIKER!

SOMETIMES PAUL CAN'T SLEEP AT NIGHT! HIS CONSCIENCE? NO, KIDDIES... PAUL IS THINKING OF WAYS TO MAKE MORE MONEY!

WHY... EVEN IF WE CHARGED HARRY MORE FOR THE BODIES, IT WOULDN'T ADD UP TO MUCH! I'D LIKE TO DOUBLE THE TAKE!

BUT THEN A THOUGHT STRIKES PAUL...

"DOUBLE THE TAKE!" THAT'S IT! IT ISN'T NECESSARY TO HANDLE TWICE AS MANY BODIES...

IF I KILL LUTHER! ALL THE MONEY WOULD BE MINE!

YES, THAT'S PAUL'S PLAN...IT SHOULD BE EASY! LUTHER HAS NO FAMILY OR FRIENDS EXCEPT PAUL... HEH..HEH..HEH...

WHEW! I'M TIRED... IT WAS A BUSY DAY! C'MON, PAUL, HAVE A DRINK WITH ME!

NO, THANK YOU, LUTHER! I'VE GOT A JOB TO DO...AND I MUST BE SOBER!

JOB? WHAT KIND OF A JOB? YOU SHOULD RELAX MORE, PAUL! YOU WORK TOO HARD!

AFTER TONIGHT, I MAY HAVE MORE TIME FOR LEISURE!

A-A GUN! P-PAUL... I...

YES, LUTHER, MY OLD FRIEND, IT'S A GUN! I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!

PAUL, YOU CAN'T MEAN IT! YOU WOULDN'T... AGHRRRR!

OH, BUT I DO MEAN IT, LUTHER! YOU MUST DIE!

BAM BAM

NOT CONTENT WITH HAVING THE BUSINESS TO HIMSELF, PAUL DECIDES TO MAKE A LITTLE MONEY ON LUTHER'S DEATH...

HARRY, THIS IS PAUL! I'VE GOT ANOTHER STIFF FOR YOU! IT'S AN OLD FRIEND OF YOURS! HA HA!

HARRY ARRIVES TO PICK UP HIS "CUSTOMER" IN AN HOUR...

HERE HE IS!

WELL, I'LL BE DARNED... IT'S LUTHER! WHAT HAPPENED? DID HE...

BUT SOMETHING IN PAUL'S FACE WARNS HARRY NOT TO QUESTION LUTHER'S DEATH... INSTEAD, THE TWO MEN JOIN IN A DRINK AS THEY STAND OVER THE DEAD BODY...

TO LUTHER... A FINE MAN!

YES! TO LUTHER ...A FINE CORPSE! HA HA HA HA!

A SHORT TIME LATER, HARRY DRIVES BACK TO THE MEDICAL SCHOOL WITH LUTHER'S BODY...

SO PAUL WANTED YOU OUT OF THE WAY, DID HE, LUTHER! TCH TCH... WHAT A PITY! HA HA HA HA! IT DOESN'T MATTER TO ME! A BODY IS A BODY! HA HA!

LUTHER'S BODY IS SOLD TO HOWARD SELBY, A NEW STUDENT IN ANATOMY...

HERE HE IS, HOWARD! TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM... HE'S AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE, HA HA!

YES SIR! MR. POWELL... ER... IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR FRIEND MET A VIOLENT DEATH!

YES, POOR FELLOW... AN "ACCIDENT!" SUCH A SHAME IT WAS! WELL, YOU'D BETTER GET TO WORK, MY BOY!

Y-YES, SIR!

AND SO HOWARD SET TO WORK IN THE DISSECTING LABORATORY... POOR LUTHER... HIS REMAINS WERE SOON IN SIX SEPERATE PIECES...

NICE NEAT JOB, HOWARD!

UGH... ER... THANK YOU, SIR! I... EXCUSE ME, I... I FEEL A LITTLE SICK!

TOO MUCH FOR YOU, KIDDIES? ALL RIGHT, LET'S LEAVE THE DISSECTING ROOM AND RETURN TO HARRY'S, WHERE LATER THAT NIGHT, HE'S MAKING PLANS FOR HIS FUTURE...

AH, THIS IS THE LIFE... GOOD LIQUOR, A FINE CIGAR AND A FIREPLACE!

BUT SUDDENLY, HARRY STOPS HIS DAY-DREAMING, HE HEARS THE DOOR OPEN AND TURNS TO SEE...

WHO'S THERE? W-WHAT TH... GOOD LORD! NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE... I... I WON'T BELIEVE IT!

GET AWAY! DON'T COME NEAR ME! STOP... DON'T...

HARRY'S MANGLED BODY IS FOUND ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

WELL, GENTLEMEN IT SEEMS ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE... BUT IT'S MY OPINION THAT MR. POWELL WAS KICKED TO DEATH!

KICKED TO DEATH? DOC, YOU MUST BE WRONG? WHY WOULD ANYBODY KICK A MAN TO DEATH?

AND IN THE DISSECTING LABORATORY AS HOWARD ONCE AGAIN STARTS TO WORK ON HIS CADAVER...

T-THAT LOOKS LIKE BLOOD ON HIS TOES! MAYBE I SHOULD TELL DR... AW HE'D THINK I WAS NUTS! ONE OF THE FELLOWS IS PROBABLY PULLING A GAG ON ME!

THAT EVENING PAUL SITS CONTENTEDLY AT HIS BIG DESK... IT'S BEEN A GOOD WEEK... AND THIS TIME THE PROFITS WILL BE HIS ALONE...

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED! WHAT A FOOL I WAS NOT TO GET RID OF LUTHER BEFORE! HA HA HA!

AND AS PAUL TURNS TO PLACE THE STACK OF BILLS INTO THE SAFE...

NOW I'LL JUST LOCK THIS UP AND... WHAT... WHAT ON EARTH...

THERE IS NO DENYING IT...A PAIR OF HUMAN LEGS STAND ON THE FLOOR NEXT TO PAUL...AND THEN, FROM OUT OF THE AIR...

L-LUTHER! Y-YOUR HEAD... I DON'T UNDERSTAND...Y-YOU'RE DEAD...I...

YOU'RE RIGHT, PAUL...I AM DEAD...QUITE DEAD! AND, IN A FEW MINUTES, YOU WILL BE DEAD TOO!

PAUL LEAPS TO HIS FEET AND STARTS TO RUN...

THIS IS INSANITY! I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF A HIDEOUS NIGHTMARE!

NO PAUL...THIS IS NO DREAM...THIS IS REAL!

OUT INTO THE NIGHT AND ACROSS THE CEMETERY PAUL RUNS...HEH...HEH...HEH... THE IDIOT, HE THINKS HE CAN ESCAPE...

HURRY, PAUL... RUN, PAUL... HA HA HA HA

LEAVE ME ALONE! FOR PITY'S SAKE, LUTHER... LEAVE ME ALONE!

I'LL SHOW YOU THE PITY THAT YOU SHOWED ME, PAUL!

LUTHER...(GASP) NO! NO!(GASP) PLEASE...

HEH...HEH...HEH...POOR PAUL, HE DOESN'T SEE THE ONRUSHING TRAIN AS HE CROSSES ONTO THE RAILROAD TRACKS...

AND THE NEXT DAY, AS HOWARD SELBY EXAMINES THE CORPSE'S LEG...

HA HA HA HA HA WELCOME TO MY WORLD, PAUL!

EAGHRR!

F-FELLOWS, LOOK! H-HIS FEET! GRASS...DIRT! I-IT LOOKS LIKE THIS LEG'S BEEN RUNNING!

YOU'RE LOSING YOUR MIND, SELBY, OLD BOY...CORPSES' LEGS DON'T RUN!

HA HA! POOR HOWARD... HE'S MAD! IMAGINE...A DEAD MAN'S LEG RUNNING! HA HA HA!

HEH...HEH...HEH...WELL KIDDIES...DID LUTHER'S CORPSE MOVE FROM THE LABORATORY? WHAT DO YOU THINK! HEH...HEH!

THE END!

WERE-SPIDER'S DOOM

ONE OF THE MOST PERSISTENT THEMES IN SUPERNATURAL LORE CONCERNS THE **WERE-WOLF**--THE INEXPLICABLE TRANSFORMATION AT WILL BETWEEN TWO KINDS OF LIFE! BUT **TRANSFORMATION** IS BY NO MEANS CONFINED TO MAN AND WOLF--AS WHISPERED REPORTS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD CONSTANTLY REMIND US! HERE'S ONE OF THE MOST PULSE-STOPPING OF THEM--A REPORT WHICH COMES FROM **OUR OWN COUNTRY!**

DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS...

HELLO, THERE --- COULD YOU TELL ME HOW MUCH FURTHER IT IS TO THE TOP OF THIS MOUNTAIN? I'VE HEARD RUMORS ABOUT A LARGE SPECIES OF SPIDER UP HERE — AND I'M ANXIOUS TO SECURE A SPECIMEN!

A BUG COLLECTOR, EH? WAL, YUH **MUST** BE BUGS, STRANGER, IF'N YUH WANT TUH GO TUH THE TOP O' **BALD MOUNTAIN!**

THE ONLY LIVIN' BODY YUH'LL FIND UP THAR IS THE **WIDOW BLACK!** TAKE MUH ADVICE, STRANGER --- TURN BACK --- 'CUZ THOSE THAT GO UP JEST DON'T COME DOWN AG'IN!

NONSENSE — IF THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN IS SAFE ENOUGH FOR A **WOMAN**, IT'S SAFE ENOUGH FOR ME!

Forbidden Worlds #12, December 1952. Art: King Ward. Publisher: ACG.

SOON AFTERWARDS...

HMMM--IF THAT'S THE WIDOW BLACK, SHE CERTAINLY HASN'T BEEN A WIDOW VERY LONG! SHE'S YOUNG--- BEAUTIFUL!

YES--- I'M MRS. BLACK! WHO ARE YOU?

MY NAME'S VESPID-- I'M AN ENTOMOLOGIST, INTERESTED IN TRACING DOWN A NEW SPECIES OF SPIDER THAT'S BEEN REPORTED IN THIS REGION! CAN YOU HELP ME?

WHY, YES--- WON'T YOU COME... INSIDE? I'M SOMETHING OF A COLLECTOR MYSELF!

--SAID THE SPIDER TO THE FLY!

WHY DID YOU SAY THAT--- WHY?

ER... IT... IT WAS NOTHING BUT A JOKE! SORRY!

INSIDE THE COBWEB-SHROUDED ROOM ---

I KEEP MY SPECIMENS IN THE ROOM BEHIND THAT LOCKED DOOR! WAIT A MOMENT-- I'LL UNLOCK IT FOR YOU!

ALL RIGHT, I'VE JUST FINISHED TIDYING UP --- COME IN!

IT'S RATHER DARK IN HERE -- CAN'T SEE -- HELLO, WHAT'S THIS?

YE GODS! I... I'M ENMESHED IN SOME KIND OF ENORMOUS SPIDER-WEB!

YES -- MY SPIDER-WEB!

OF COURSE -- FROM THE WIDOW BLACK TO A BLACK WIDOW! AND NOW -- YOU'RE TRAPPED!

YOU! YOU'RE... TRANSFORMED ... INTO A MONSTROUS SPIDER!

TRAPPED? PERHAPS -- AND PERHAPS NOT! COME CLOSER, PRETTY ONE -- CLOSER! I HADN'T THOUGHT TO MEET YOU SO SOON! HA-HA-HA!

WHY ARE YOU LAUGHING, FOOL? DO YOU SEE THOSE HUMAN SKULLS ALL AROUND YOU? LAUGH -- BUT IN A MOMENT YOU WILL BE AS THEY!

AS THEY? NEVER! UPON DEATH, WERE-CREATURES ALWAYS RETURN TO THEIR INHUMAN STATE -- RIGHT?

Y-YES -- BUT HOW... HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT?

BECAUSE I HAPPEN TO BE A WERE-CREATURE MYSELF! LOOK! A... A WASP! THE SPIDER'S DEADLIEST NATURAL ENEMY!

NO! NO!

YES, PRETTY ONE, I'M MR. VESPID IN MY HUMAN FORM --- AND A MEMBER OF THE WASP SPECIES VESPIDAE IN MY WERE-CREATURE FORM! AND NOW -- YOU WILL FIND OUT JUST HOW DEADLY MY STINGER CAN BE!

IN A LIGHTNING THRUST...

OHHH!

I... I CAN'T MOVE!...

OF COURSE NOT --- A WASP'S FORMIC ACID VENOM PARALYZES ITS ENEMIES! AND NOW -- TO CARRY YOU OFF TO MY RETREAT!

FOR MONTHS I'VE BEEN SEEKING PREY LIKE YOU --- AND AT LAST... SUCCESS!

HIC! --- TIME I STOPPED DRINKIN' THIS BLASTED MOONSHINE --- WHEN I START SEEIN' THINGS LIKE THAT!

THE END

BERNIE KELLOG LIES IN HIS BED IN THE CHEAP HOTEL, HIS FACE DISTORTED WITH PAIN, HIS HAND CLUTCHING AT HIS HEART. HE WANTS A DOCTOR AND HE WANTS HIM NOW... HE WAS ALWAYS CALLED HEARTLESS...BUT NOW AT LAST THE WRACKING PAIN TOLD HIM HE REALLY HAD A HEART— — —

HEARTLESS!

UGHHH! YOU COULD *DIE* IN THIS ONE-HORSE-TOWN BEFORE A *DOCTOR* GOT HERE! *FOR GOD'S SAKE I'M IN PAIN!*

TAKE IT EASY, MR. KELLOG. THE DOC'S HERE NOW!

SORRY TO HAVE BEEN *DELAYED*, SIR! SOMETHING RATHER *IMPORTANT* CAME UP!

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MD

THE BELLHOP LEAVES AND DOCTOR HOWARD WIRTH SITS DOWN ON THE BED NEXT TO HIS PATIENT...

NOW SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME YOUR NAME AND TRY TO REMEMBER WHEN THESE PAINS FIRST BEGAN!

IT BEGAN ON THE TRAIN COMING DOWN HERE. I'M A *STRANGER* IN TOWN, THE NAME'S *KELLOG. BERNIE KELLOG!* DOC, YOU GOTTA DO SOMETHING! I FEEL LIKE I'M GONNA *DIE!*

THE DOCTOR LISTENS TO THE THUMPING HEART BENEATH BERNIE'S CHEST AND THEN SLOWLY WITHDRAWS THE STETHESCOPE...

W-WHAT IS IT, DOC... MY *HEART?*

I CAN'T BE SURE YET, MR. KELLOG. I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A SHOT THAT WILL RELAX YOU AND THEN I'LL BE ABLE TO TELL MORE.

Fight Against Crime #17, January 1954. Artist unknown. Publisher: Story Comics.

OUT OF THE BLACK BAG COMES THE LONG HYPODERMIC NEEDLE AND WITH ONE DEFT MOVEMENT THE DOCTOR ADMINISTERS THE SHOT...

NOTHING SERIOUS BETTER BE WRONG, DOC. THIS IS A BIG NIGHT IN MY LIFE! A *REAL BIG NIGHT!*

I WOULDN'T ADVISE YOUR PLANNING ON GOING ANYWHERE, MR. KELLOG. YOU'RE IN NO CON...

NO, *I* AIN'T GOIN' ANYWHERE.. *SOMEBODY'S COMING HERE TO SEE ME!* A LADY! THAT STUFF YOU GAVE ME MUST BE STARTING TO WORK . I FEEL KINDA *DREAMY*...

JUST RELAX, MR. KELLOG. I'M GOING TO SIT OVER HERE UNTIL WE'RE READY TO CHECK YOUR HEART AGAIN!

I KINDA FEEL LIKE *TALKING* TO SOMEONE. LOOK, DOC, AIN'T YOU MEDICAL MEN GOT SOME KIND OF *CODE* SO THAT WHEN A PATIENT TELLS YOU SOMETHING IT'S STRICTLY PRIVATE?

THAT'S RIGHT, MR. KELLOG. FEEL *FREE* TO TALK...WHEN YOU *CONFIDE* IN A DOCTOR IT'S AS *CONFIDENTIAL* AS TALKING TO A MINISTER OR A PRIEST!

AND SO BERNIE KELLOG LEANS BACK AGAINST THE PILLOWS AND IN A VOICE FOGGY WITH SEDATIVE, BEGINS TALKING...

EVEN THOUGH I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD, I'M A *HAPPY* MAN TONIGHT! AT *MIDNIGHT* A LADY'S COMING HERE WITH *$50,000* FOR ME!

"IT BEGAN BACK IN THE THIRTIES. THEY CALLED ME 'HEARTLESS BERNIE' IN MY BUSINESS YOU COULDN'T AFFORD TO HAVE A HEART. I OWNED A DIME-A-DANCE HALL IN CHICAGO. BUSINESS WASN'T TOO HOT THEN BUT THE JOINT WAS NEAR THE WATERFRONT AND ENOUGH SEAMEN DROPPED IN TO KEEP THINGS GOING."

THAT JERK IN THE CORNER IS JUST SITTIN' THERE, BUNNY. GET HIM TO *DANCE* AND *DRINK!* I'LL GET THE BOYS READY!

HAVE A *HEART*, BERNIE! HE'S A *BABY!*

AFTER THE SUCKER HAD ENOUGH TO DRINK ONE OF THE GIRLS LED HIM OUT BACK AND MY STRONG-ARM BOYS WENT TO WORK..."

GRAB HIS *WALLET*, HANK! HE'S GOOD FOR A *HUNDRED* AT LEAST!

"I HAD TWENTY GIRLS WORKING FOR ME THEN... AND EACH ONE HAD HER OWN LITTLE 'SPECIALTY'. TAKE BUNNY, FOR INSTANCE, SHE WAS INNOCENT LOOKING AND WORKED BEST ON GUYS WHO WERE FAR FROM HOME AND LONELY..."

C'MON, HANDSOME, YOU NEED SOME *CHEERING UP!*

BUT BEST OF ALL WAS ELAINE. IT WAS FUNNY TOO, SHE WASN'T LIKE THE OTHERS. HER FIGURE WAS OKAY, BUT NOTHING TO RAVE ABOUT, AND HER FACE WAS KIND OF PLAIN. I THINK IT MUST HAVE BEEN HER EYES THAT GOT THE BOYS. SHE HAD EYES LIKE A LITTLE BABY DEER...

BUT YOU *PROMISED* ME THIS DANCE, ELAINE!

BEAT IT, BUSTER! THIS IS *MINE!*

OH, YEAH, THAT'S WHAT *YOU* THINK!

"SHE'D COME TO CHICAGO FROM A LITTLE TOWN IN THE MIDWEST. THE KID HAD WANTED A DECENT JOB BUT IN THOSE DAYS, JOBS WERE HARD TO FIND. BOY, HOW SHE HATED THE DANCE HALL...

BERNIE, I'VE GOT TO TALK TO YOU! I WANT TO *QUIT!*

PRIVATE

LOOK, BABY, WHY DON'T YOU TRY TO RELAX. *EVERY* SATURDAY NIGHT YOU TELL ME YOU'RE QUITTIN' AND *EVERY* MONDAY NIGHT YOU'RE *BACK!* STOP THINKING SO MUCH AND JUST TAKE IT EASY!

I CAN'T... I CAN'T...

"WE WENT THROUGH THE SAME ROUTINE EACH SATURDAY. SHE'D STAND IN THE DOORWAY OF MY OFFICE AND CRY THOSE PRETTY EYES OUT...

I (SOB) HATE IT SO! THE *MEN*, (SOB)... THE SMOKE AND THE *DIRTY REMARKS!* HAVE A *HEART*, BERNIE! GET ME A *DECENT* JOB!

LOOK, KID, GET IT THROUGH YOUR HEAD THAT AS LONG AS YOU NEED *MONEY*, YOU'LL BE WORKING *HERE!* THERE AIN'T NO OTHER PLACE FOR YOU TO GO!

"ON MONDAY NIGHTS SHE ALWAYS ACTED DIFFERENT THAN ON OTHER NIGHTS. SHE'D GET DRUNK AND START CARRYING ON WITH ALL THE GUYS...

C'MON, *SCHWEETIE*, LET'S HAVE ANOTHER *DRINK!*

NO, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, BABE. LET'S BE *ALONE!*

"AND THEN SHE'D LEAVE WITH ONE OF THE JERKS. HER FACE WOULD BE BRIGHT AND LAUGHING... BUT HER EYES WERE FILLED WITH TEARS...

I'M *WILD* ABOUT YOU, KID!

YEAH, SURE, BIG BOY, I'M *CRAZY* ABOUT YOU, TOO!

BERNIE'S VOICE STOPS MOMENTARILY AS DOCTOR WIRTH WALKS SLOWLY TOWARD HIM, STETHESCOPE IN HAND...

I CAN START MY *CHECK-UP* NOW BUT KEEP ON WITH YOUR STORY. *I'M VERY INTERESTED!*

WELL, SHE STAYED WITH ME FOR ABOUT A YEAR AND THEN SUDDENLY, SHE DIDN'T SHOW UP FOR A WEEK/ I FIGURED MAYBE SHE'D GONE BACK HOME BUT ON THE NINTH DAY SHE CAME WALKING INTO MY OFFICE...

"SHE LOOKED LIKE A MILLION BUCKS... NEW CLOTHES, AND A SMILE ACROSS HER FACE A MILE WIDE...

WELL, IF IT AIN'T BRIGHT-EYES/ I THOUGHT YOU'D GONE BACK TO THE HINTER-LANDS/

NO, BERNIE, I DID SOMETHING BETTER/ I *GOT MARRIED!* HE'S AN ANGEL.. THE *KINDEST SWEETEST* MAN I'VE EVER MET/ I JUST STOPPED IN TO SAY GOODBYE/

"A FEW MINUTES LATER SHE LEFT AND GOT INTO A CAR WHERE THE SUCKER WAS WAITING FOR HER. I COULDN'T HELP LAUGHING AS THEY DROVE AWAY...

LOOKS LIKE THE JERK'S GOT DOUGH/ THAT'S A CADILLAC/ *THE POOR SAP!* IMAGINE MARRYING A *TRAMP* LIKE THAT/ THE GUY MUST BE *NUTS!*

THAT'S RIGHT, MR. KELLOG, BREATH DEEPLY/ WAS THAT THE LAST TIME YOU SAW ELAINE?

THE LAST TIME FOR *TWENTY YEARS!* AFTER SHE LEFT I DIDN'T GIVE HER A THOUGHT/ I WAS TOO BUSY DOING *OTHER* THINGS/

"A FEW YEARS LATER THE WAR BEGAN AND I STARTED MAKING MONEY HAND-OVER-FIST. I TURNED THE DANCE HALL INTO A BAR AND GRILL... AND OPENED A LITTLE GAMBLING DEN IN THE BACK OF THE PLACE...

IT'S A *GOOD* NIGHT, BOSS. SOME JERK JUST DROPPED OVER A *GRAND* AT THE CRAP TABLE/

"BUT THEN I GOT THE ITCH TO MAKE REAL DOUGH. I WANTED TO OPEN A JOINT UPTOWN AND I NEEDED CASH... BIG CASH. I WENT TO STUDS HANOVER, A HOT-SHOT GAMBLER FOR A LOAN...

"I CAN STILL HEAR HIS VOICE WHEN I TURNED TO LEAVE...

SOUNDS LIKE A *GOOD DEAL*, BERNIE/ I LIKE TO HELP YOU *LITTLE GUYS* WHEN I CAN. I'LL GIVE YOU *$40,000*... BUT IN *THREE* YEARS I WANT A *$70,000* RETURN/

YOU'RE A PAL, STUDS/ AND DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL GET YOUR DOUGH/

I'M *NOT* WORRIED, BERNIE. I *ALWAYS* GET MY MONEY BACK... OR SOMEBODY *DIES!*

AND WAS YOUR NEW VENTURE A SUCCESS?

THERE AIN'T NO USE WASTING WORDS...IT *FLOPPED*... FLOPPED *HARD!* WITHIN TWO YEARS I WAS *BROKE*... ALL I HAD LEFT WAS THE OLD JOINT DOWNTOWN!

"I SPENT THE NEXT TWO YEARS TRYING TO SCRAPE TOGETHER ENOUGH DOUGH TO PAY STUDS...BUT IT WAS NO USE. YOU CAN'T MAKE THAT KIND OF DOUGH IN A DIME-A-DANCE HALL. THEN ONE NIGHT, I SUDDENLY REMEMBERED ELAINE...

I GOTTA GET IT *SOMEWHERE!* STUDS'LL *KILL* ME IF I DON'T! BUT WHERE... WHERE? HEY! WAIT A MINUTE... *WAIT A MINUTE!*

"IN A FLASH I REMEMBERED ELAINE AND HER HUSBAND.. THE HUSBAND WITH A CADILLAC/THE NEXT DAY I WENT TO THE CITY HALL AND CHECKED THE MARRIAGE RECORDS. I GOT HER NAME AND ADDRESS AND HOPPED A TRAIN FOR HERE...

POOR ELAINE, I ALMOST HATE TO DO THIS... BUT A GUY'S *GOT* TO THINK OF HIMSELF! I'M *SURE* SHE'D BE WILLING TO SHELL OUT *30 G's* TO KEEP HER *PAST A SECRET!*

"I CHECKED INTO THIS JERKWATER HOTEL AND CALLED HER SHE CAME OVER...

B-BERNIE, (SOB) YOU CAN'T... *CAN'T!* THE SCANDAL WOULD *RUIN* HIM!

IT DON'T *HAVE* TO BE THAT WAY, HONEY! JUST GET THE *DOUGH* FOR ME!

I DON'T HAVE THAT KIND OF MONEY! IT'S (SOB) OUT OF THE QUESTION! T-THIS IS A LITTLE TOWN. (SOB) *NOBODY* HAS THAT MUCH MONEY!

TCH, TCH, AIN'T THAT *TOO BAD!* I GUESS THERE'S NOTHING TO DO BUT CALL THE LOCAL PAPER!

"SHE BEGGED ME, PLEADED WITH ME... EVEN GOT DOWN ON HER HANDS AND KNEES TO ME...

BERNIE, (SOB) HAVEN'T YOU ANY *HEART?* YOU CAN'T DO THIS! (SOB) P-PLEASE, BERNIE, PLEASE... *HAVE A HEART!*

I'M *SICK* OF THIS BLUBBERING! *CUT IT OUT*... YOU'VE GOT UNTIL *MIDNIGHT* TONIGHT! NOW GET OUT!

WELL, HOW ABOUT IT, DOC? AM I OKAY?

YES, JUST A LITTLE *INDIGESTION!* BUT TELL ME, YOU SAID ELAINE WOULD BE HERE TONIGHT WITH THE MONEY. DID SHE CALL YOU?

5

NAW, SHE DIDN'T CALL---BUT SHE'LL BE HERE, ALL RIGHT! I KNOW HUMAN NATURE. WHAT'S SHE GONNA DO? LET HER HUSBAND BE *RUINED?*

BY THE WAY, *WHO* WAS THE MAN SHE MARRIED?

SOME STUPID *DOCTOR!* HE... *HEY* .. W-WAIT A MINUTE... *A DOCTOR!*

YES, MR. KELLOG, ELAINE MARRIED A DOCTOR! *ELAINE MARRIED ME! I'M HER HUSBAND!*

BERNIE'S EYES BULGE OUT OF HIS HEAD IN TERROR. IN HIS CONFIDENCE AT VICTORY, HE'D FORGOTTEN ONE SMALL, BUT VERY IMPORTANT, DETAIL... DOCTOR HOWARD WIRTH WALKS TOWARD HIM... AND SOMETHING SHINY GLIMMERS IN HIS HAND...

S-STAY AWAY FROM ME...

YOU AND YOUR *DIRTY BLACKMAIL!* MY WIFE DIDN'T TELL ME ABOUT THIS, MR. KELLOG... SHE DIDN'T WANT TO HURT ME... AND SHE COULDN'T PAY YOU... *SO SHE KILLED HERSELF! SHE COMMITTED SUICIDE TONIGHT!*

SHE BEGGED YOU! PLEADED WITH YOU! BUT YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN! YOU WERE HEARTLESS! YOU HAVEN'T GOT A HEART, MR. BERNIE KELLOG!

L.. I DIDN'T MEAN IT... I'D HAVE LET HER OFF THE HOOK... *NO!*

DR. WIRTH GRABS BERNIE KELLOG IN A VISE-LIKE GRIP AND PUSHES HIM BACK OVER A CHAIR... THE KNIFE IS UPRAISED IN HIS HAND AND HE BRINGS IT DOWN... AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN...

NO, MR. KELLOG, YOU HAVEN'T GOT A HEART! YOU KILLED HER! YOU DIDN'T CARE THAT SHE WAS GOOD AND DECENT AND KIND... ALL YOU CARED ABOUT WAS YOUR FILTHY MONEY! YOU'RE HEARTLESS... *HEARTLESS!!*

WHEN THE BELLHOP AND THE HOUSE DETECTIVE CAME TEARING UP TO ROOM 579 THEY FOUND DR. HOWARD WIRTH SITTING DAZEDLY ON THE EDGE OF THE BED... AND STRETCHED ACROSS THE BED...

NO, HE DIDN'T HAVE A HEART... HE KILLED HER... KILLED ELAINE..

OH, MY GOD! (GAG)

(GAG) *H-HE CUT OUT HIS HEART!*

THE End

THE CLIMBING EXPEDITION NEARED THE SUMMIT OF THE AWESOME TIBETAN MOUNTAIN-J-4. WOULD THEY ENCOUNTER THE LEGENDARY DWELLERS OF THE MOUNTAINTOP-- THE TERRIBLE "ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN"?

LORDS OF THE UPPER AIR

JOHNNY BELL

A RESCUE PARTY, CLIMBING MOUNT J-4 IN SEARCH OF THE LOST GRIMES' EXPEDITION, HAS STUMBLED ON A VALUABLE CLUE...

Ghost Comics #11, 1954. Art: John Belcastro. Publisher: Fiction House.

"As we prepared for the ascent, the natives gave us a strange warning..."

WE BEG YOU NOT TO TRY TO CLIMB THIS MOUNTAIN, COLONEL! THE LORDS OF THE MOUNTAIN WILL CAST A SPELL ON YOU! THEY WILL MAKE YOU GHOST-MEN!

THIS IS INTERESTING, WILSON! THAT OLD LEGEND ABOUT THE *"ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN"*!

YES, THE SNOWMEN! MANY CLIMBERS HAVE BEEN LOST- THEY HAVE BEEN TAKEN BY THE SNOWMEN!

BUT NO ONE HAS EVER SEEN THESE SNOWMEN!

MANY MEN HAVE SEEN THEM- BUT THEY HAVE NOT COME BACK FROM THE MOUNTAIN TO TELL OF IT!

WELL, THANKS FOR THE TIP, LAO, BUT WE'LL COME BACK FROM THE MOUNTAIN ...FROM THE TOP OF IT!

"The climb was hard but uneventful up to our final camp ..."

IF THE WEATHER HOLDS, COLONEL, I THINK WE SHOULD TRY FOR THE SUMMIT TOMORROW!

YES...I THINK ALL FOUR OF US SHOULD BE ABLE TO MAKE IT!

COLONEL! LOOK THERE! WHAT IS THAT ...THING?

LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING'S THERE... I CAN'T MAKE IT OUT!

"Courtney and Harris joined Wilson and me as we scrambled toward the spot..."

I CAN'T SEE IT NOW... PROBABLY A SNOW FORMATION...

FOOTPRINTS!...SOME ANIMAL...OR MAYBE THE *"SNOWMEN..."*

NONSENSE! JUST DEPRESSIONS IN THE SNOW, CAUSED BY THE WIND...

It was that night that Courtney heard the voice

COURTNEY! COURTNEY!

WHO IS THAT? IS IT GRIMES? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

COURTNEY... COURTNEY...

GO BACK... GO BACK!

IT'S COURTNEY! WHO'S HE TALKING TO?

I HEARD SOMEONE CALLING...I THOUGHT IT WAS ONE OF YOU... BUT IT WASN'T...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN IT WASN'T?

I SAW HIM! IT WAS DAWSON! YOU REMEMBER DAWSON...HE WAS LOST ON THIS MOUNTAIN TEN YEARS AGO!

FANTASTIC! YOU KNOW DAWSON COULDN'T HAVE LIVED HERE FOR TEN YEARS!

I...I DON'T THINK IT WAS DAWSON...ALIVE! I THINK IT WAS HIS GHOST! THIS MOUNTAIN IS HAUNTED!

"The next morning we decided that Courtney and Harris would make the first attempt to reach the top..."

I'M STILL WONDERING ABOUT THAT...THING LAST NIGHT...

FORGET IT! CLIMBERS OFTEN THINK THEY SEE AND HEAR THINGS AT THESE ALTITUDES! YOU KNOW THAT?

WE'LL BE FOLLOWING YOU! LOTS OF LUCK!

"Courtney and Harris had gone about 200 yards when..."

HARRIS! LOOK AT IT! WATCHING US!

COURTNEY! DON'T BE A FOOL! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

IT'S DAWSON - CALLING ME! HE'S OUR ONLY HOPE OF ESCAPE FROM THE SNOWMEN!

COURTNEY! COURTNEY!

DAWSON...I'M COMING! HELP ME!

"Harris staggered back to camp... and we listened in horror..."

...HE SAID...THE GHOST WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD HELP HIM...

POOR COURTNEY...

BUT...I SAW THE SNOWMAN TOO! WE HAVE TO GO BACK!

WE'RE GOING TO THE TOP! WE'LL LOOK FOR COURTNEY ON THE WAY!

"That night none of us slept well - the next morning we tried again for the summit."

I TELL YOU WE SHOULDN'T BE HERE! IT'S HAUNTED!

NONSENSE! WONDER WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT KNOLL-?

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF THE PREHISTORIC AGES.

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT QUICKLY OR WE'LL NEVER GET OUT!

THIS MUST BE A NIGHTMARE! IT'S ONE OF THE "SNOWMEN!"

THEY'RE THE LORDS OF THIS MOUNTAIN AND THEY'LL SUCK OUR SOULS FROM OUR BODIES!

HELP! I CAN'T OUTRUN IT...

COME ON...COME ON!

LOOK AT THOSE MEN, WILSON! THEY'RE LIKE SLAVES...GUARDED BY THE SNOWMEN!

THERE'S SOMETHING ODD ABOUT... THE WAY THEY LOOK!

THERE'S COURTNEY AT THE END...HE'S ALIVE!

IT'S COURTNEY...BUT IS HE ALIVE?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

THEY CAST NO SHADOWS--LEAVE NO FOOTPRINTS! THE STORIES MUST BE TRUE--THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN MAKE GHOSTS OF MEN...AND KEEP THEM UNDER THEIR SPELL!

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

WAIT! HERE COMES HARRIS! HE MUST HAVE GOTTEN AWAY!

NO--HE DIDN'T GET AWAY! HE'S --A GHOST...

IF WE CAN MAKE IT TO THE RIM OF THE VALLEY BEFORE THE SNOWMEN SEE US...

DO YOU THINK WE'RE CLEAR OF THOSE THINGS?

I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY OF THEM!

"We had descended about 400 yards...we thought we were clear..."

IT'S NIGHT...WE HAVE A BETTER CHANCE!

IT'S ONE OF THEM!

I DON'T THINK THEY CAN SEE SO WELL IN THE DARK...

"It seemed like an eternity that I crouched there..then I looked around.."

WILSON, IT'S GONE!

WILSON--WILSON...WHERE ARE YOU?

HE MUST HAVE WANDERED AWAY IN THE DARK! I'VE GOT TO KEEP GOING.

"It was toward morning that I heard him..."

GRIMES..GRIMES..WAIT!

IT WILL SOON BE LIGHT AND WE CAN GO DOWN QUICKLY... AWAY FROM THIS HORROR!

LET ME GUIDE YOU..I KNOW THE WAY!

THE SUN IS BRIGHT BUT WILSON CASTS NO SHADOW!

WILSON--YOU'RE A GHOST! THE SNOWMEN ARE YOUR MASTERS!

YES--MY-- MASTERS!

AND YOU'VE LED ME TO THEM...INTO THEIR- HANDS!

"They are coming...my life is slipping away...but the world must know..."

FANTASTIC! DO YOU THINK GRIMES KNEW WHAT HE WAS WRITING?

IT COULDN'T BE--HE MUST HAVE CRACKED UP!

LOOK! IT'S GRIMES... OR HIS GHOST!

GO BACK--THE LORDS OF THE MOUNTAIN WILL TAKE YOU TOO!

HURRY! HURRY! OR YOU'LL BE WHAT I AM!

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

IT'S--TOO LATE!

THE END!

BAFFLING MYSTERIES

AN ASTOUNDING FEAT OF THE SUPERNATURAL TOOK PLACE ON A DESERTED FIELD ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF LONDON! IN 1932, A FAIR WAS IN PROGRESS AND GAIETY AND LAUGHTER ECHOED OVER THE FIELDS! ONE NIGHT, A STRANGE MAN APPEARED IN THE OFFICE OF THE FAIR OWNER WITH A STRANGE OFFER . . .

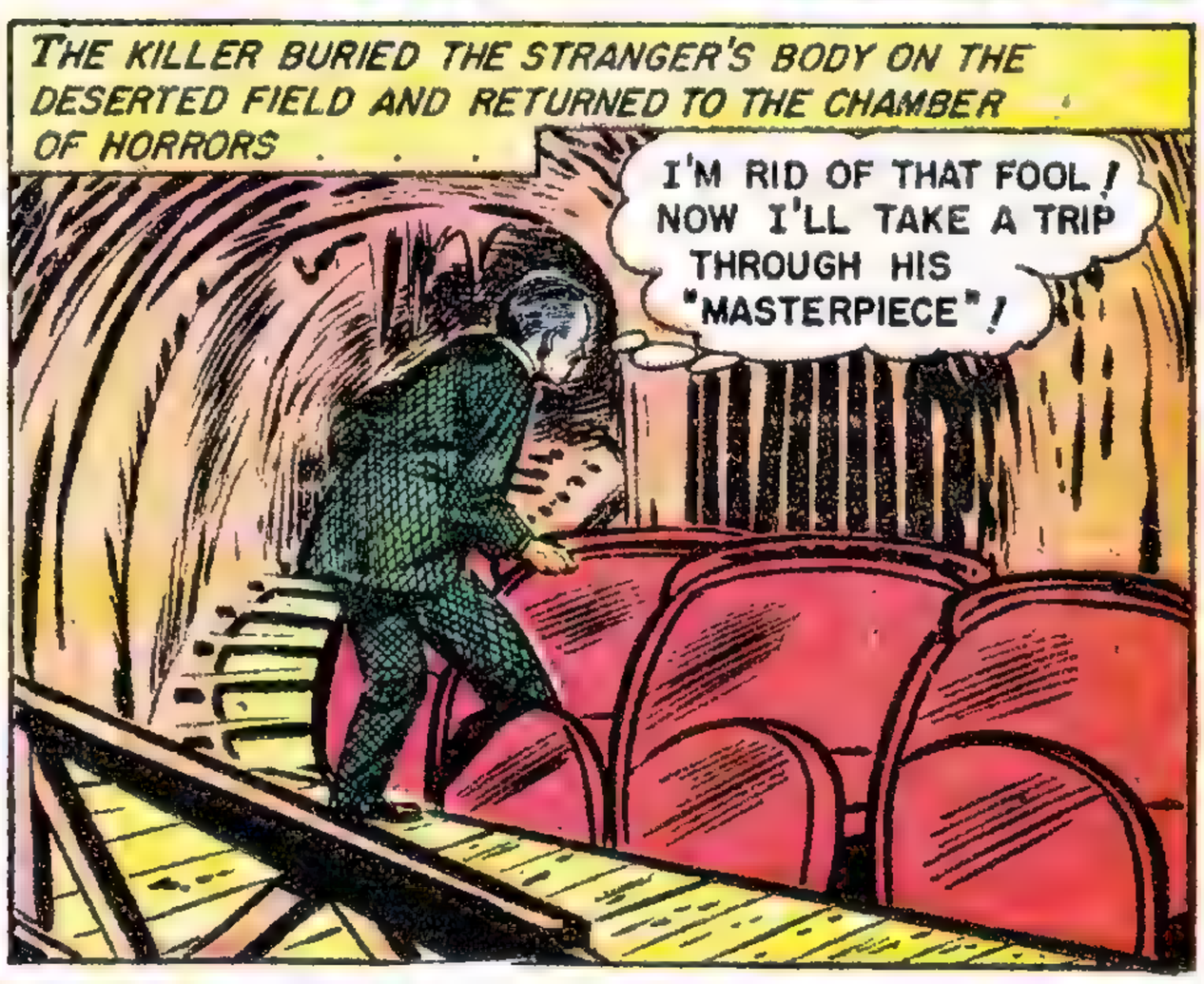
I HAVE DESIGNED AN ATTRACTION THAT WILL BE WORTH A FORTUNE! IT IS MY OWN CHAMBER OF HORRORS! HERE, LOOK AT THESE PLANS!
HMM. IT LOOKS GOOD! GO AHEAD WITH IT!

THE STRANGE MAN WORKED TIRELESSLY FOR MONTHS ON HIS PROJECT! HE PERMITTED NO ONE TO HELP HIM IN HIS LABOR OF LOVE! FINALLY, IT WAS COMPLETED AND ITS GRUESOME FAME SPREAD . . .

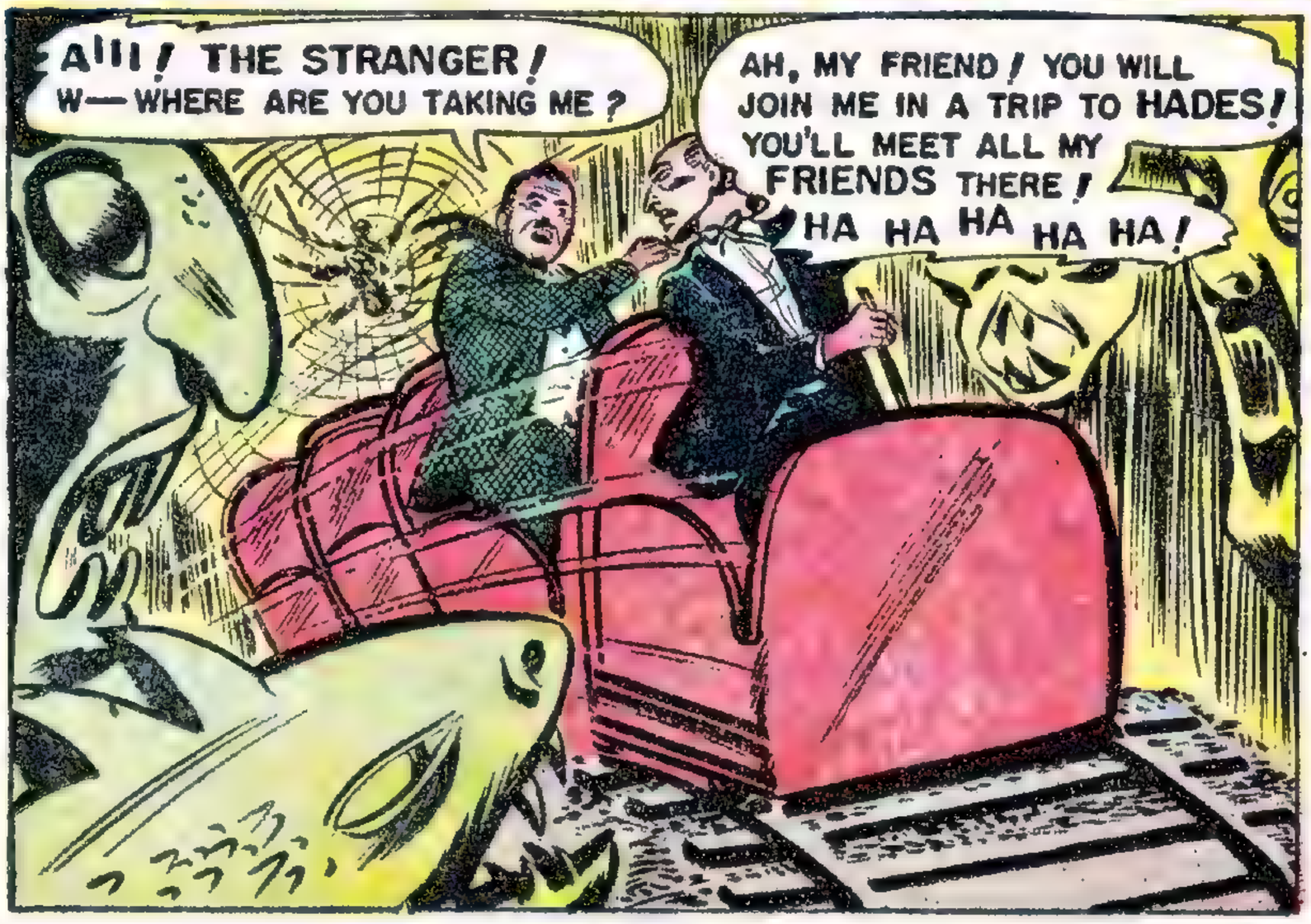
YOU DID A WONDERFUL JOB! THIS CHAMBER OF HORRORS IS A MASTERPIECE!
THE TIME HAS COME TO TALK OF MONEY! I MUST BE PAID FOR MY WORK! LET US GO TO YOUR OFFICE!

IN THE OFFICE, THE STRANGER ASKED FOR A FEE THAT MADDENED THE OWNER . . .

THE KILLER BURIED THE STRANGER'S BODY ON THE DESERTED FIELD AND RETURNED TO THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS . . .



THE KILLER TOOK A SEAT IN A LITTLE CART AND IT STARTED ITS TRIP THROUGH THE CHAMBER. BUT MID-WAY THROUGH THE TRIP . . .


Allll! THE STRANGER! W—WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?
AH, MY FRIEND! YOU WILL JOIN ME IN A TRIP TO HADES! YOU'LL MEET ALL MY FRIENDS THERE! HA HA HA HA HA!

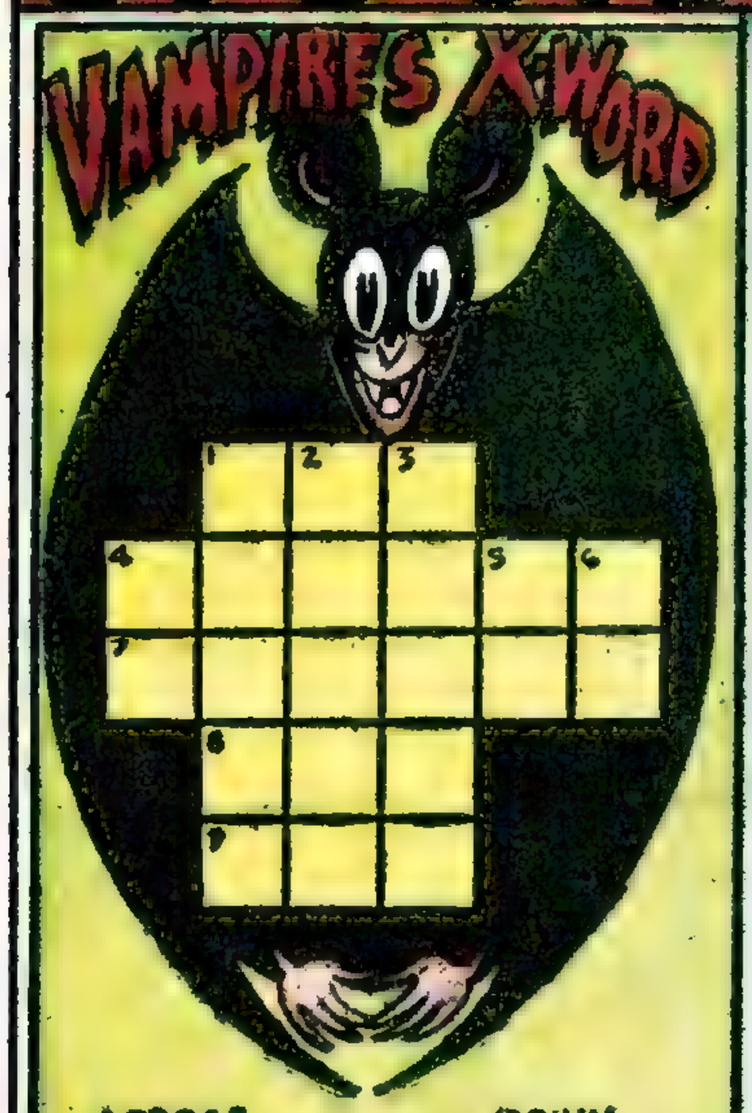
THE CRAZED LAUGHTER REACHED THE EARS OF THE PEOPLE OUTSIDE THE BUILDING! THEY WAITED FOR THE CART TO APPEAR AT THE END OF THE RIDE, BUT IT NEVER APPEARED! THE AUTHORITIES ENTERED THE CHAMBER TO SEARCH FOR THE OWNER, BUT HE AND THE CART HAD DISAPPEARED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH! ALL THE SEARCHING WAS IN VAIN! ANOTHER EERIE TALE IN THE FILES OF THE SUPERNATURAL!

THE END

Baffling Mysteries #16, July 1953. Artist unknown. Publisher: Ace Magazines.

SPOOKY STICKERS

VAMPIRES X-WORD



ACROSS

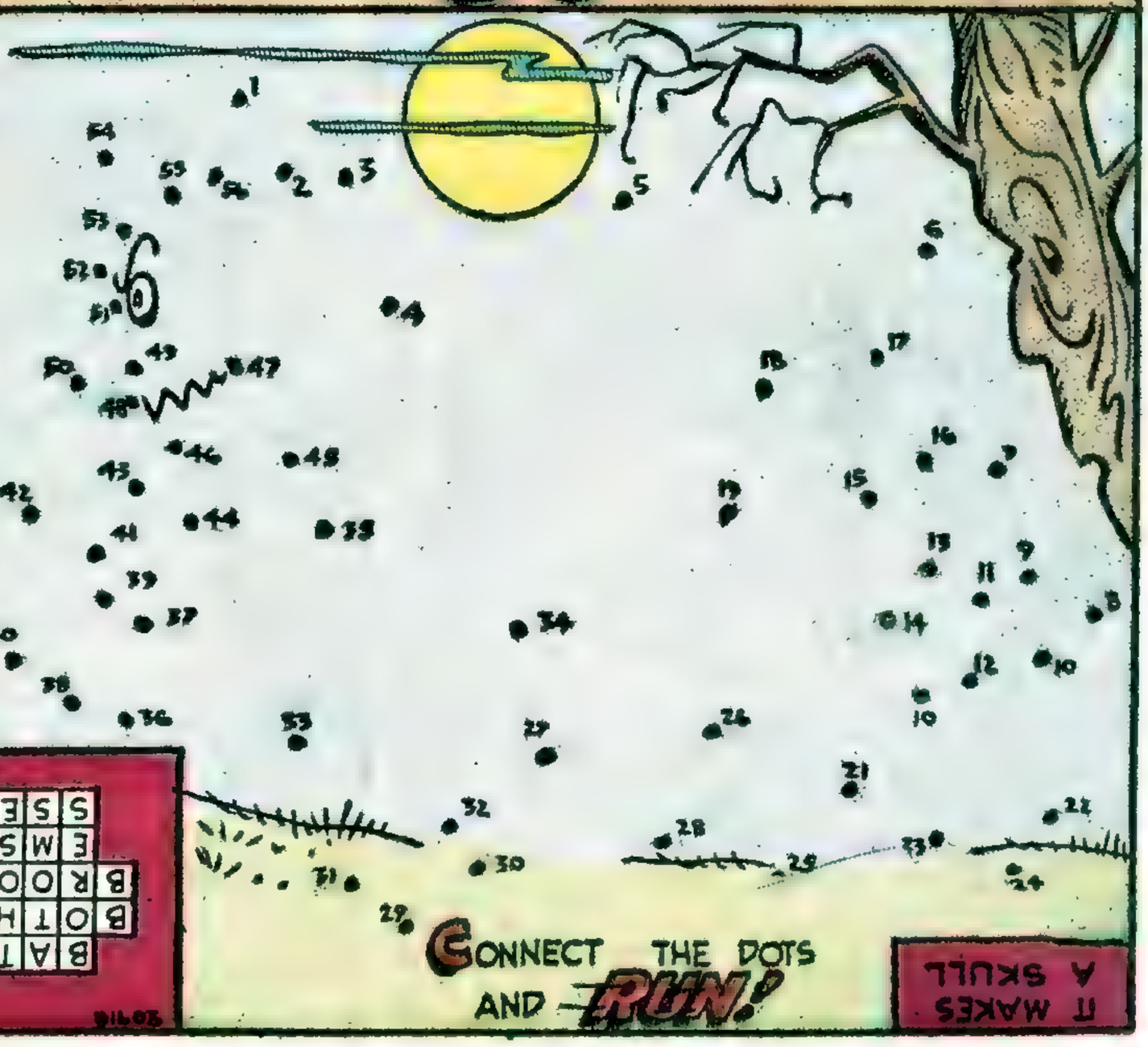
1. VAMPIRE
4. FUSS
7. PONDERS DISMALLY
8. PRINTERS' MEASURES
9. COMASS POINT (ABB.)

DOWN

1. IRKS
2. CAN BLOW YOU UP
3. PRONOUN
4. — GUN
5. EDWARD
6. ROYAL SEAL (ABB.)

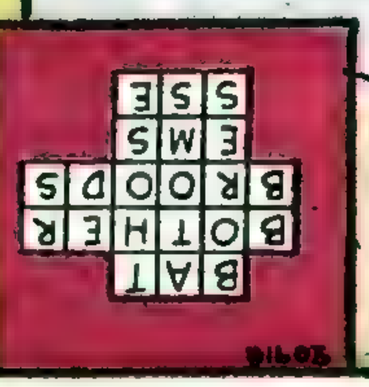
ASSEMBLE THESE PARTS CORRECTLY AND MAKE A SPOOKY PORTRAIT!

ANSWER BELOW



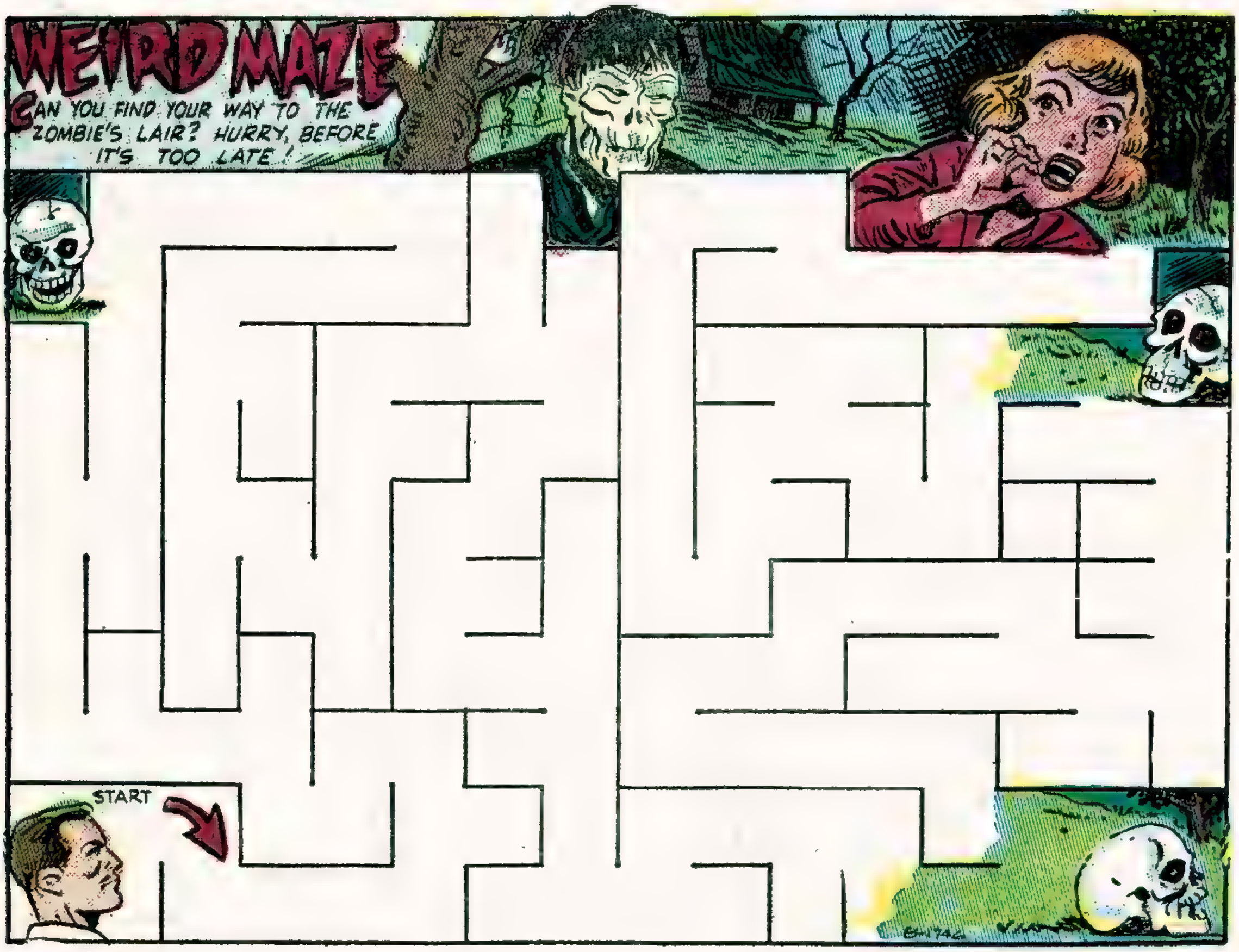
CONNECT THE DOTS AND RUN!

IT MAKES A SKULL



WEIRD MAZE

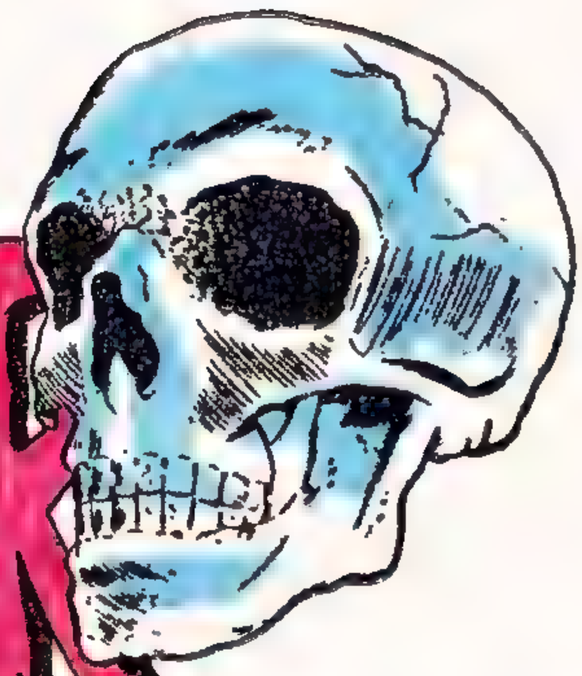
CAN YOU FIND YOUR WAY TO THE ZOMBIE'S LAIR? HURRY, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



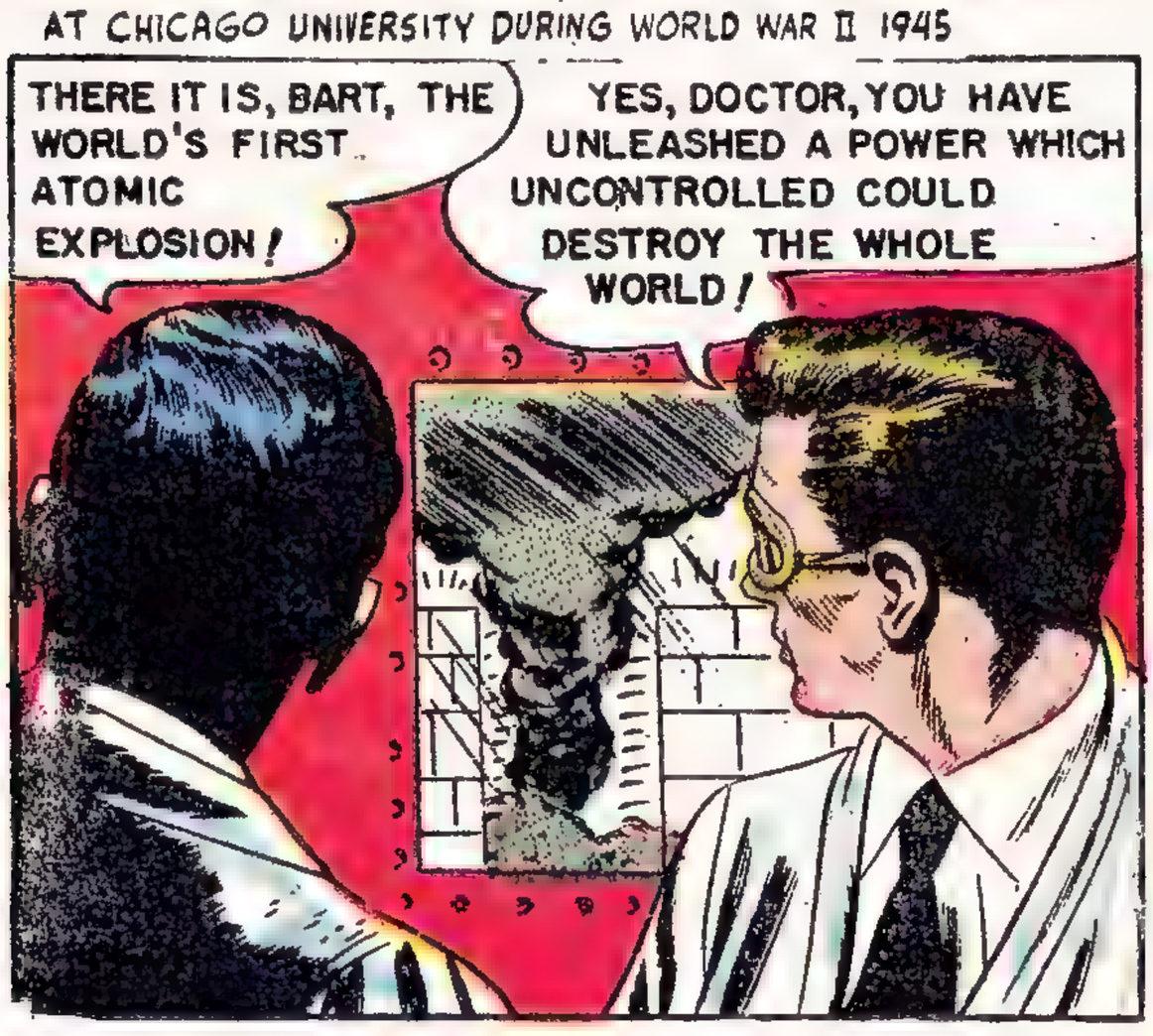
Adventures Into Darkness #10, June 1953. Artist unknown. Publisher: Pines.

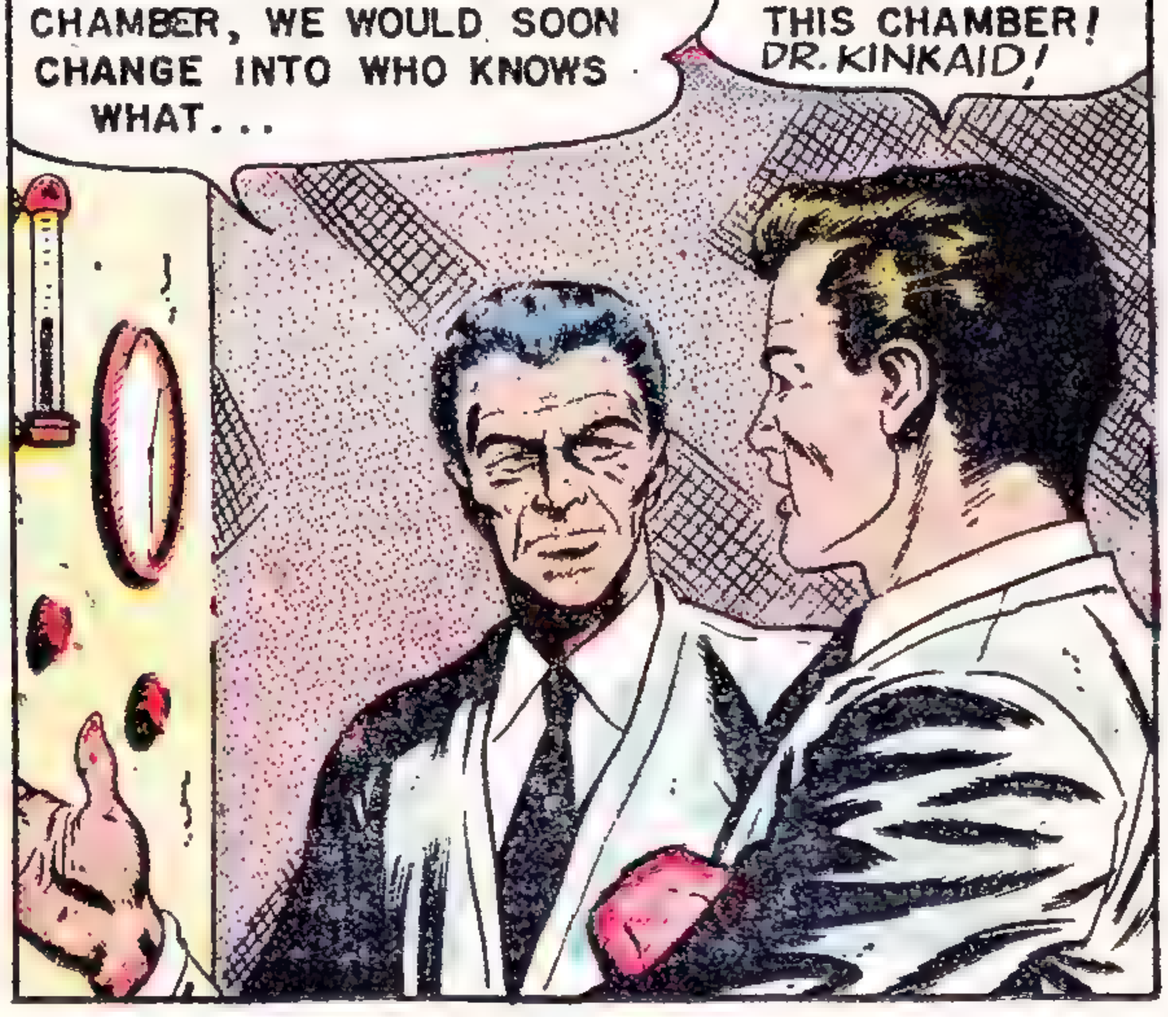
HERE IS TERROR--RAW, NERVE-DEVOURING INSANE TERROR! READ, IF YOU DARE, THIS GHASTLY TALE OF GREED AND LUST AND AGONY!! READ, REMEMBER, SHUDDER AT THIS FACT---SINCE THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE FIRST ATOMIC PILE....CERTAIN SCIENTISTS HAVE KNOWN BUT NOT DARED REVEAL THE ____ ____ ____

The EYES of HORROR



THIS EERIE TALE OF NATURE GONE MAD WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN TOLD BUT FOR AN EXPERIMENT AT CHICAGO UNIVERSITY DURING WORLD WAR II 1945


THERE IT IS, BART, THE WORLD'S FIRST ATOMIC EXPLOSION!
YES, DOCTOR, YOU HAVE UNLEASHED A POWER WHICH UNCONTROLLED COULD DESTROY THE WHOLE WORLD!


THIS IS OUR BIG SECRET! WITHOUT THIS DECONTAMINATION CHAMBER, WE WOULD SOON CHANGE INTO WHO KNOWS WHAT...
LUCKY FOR ME YOU INVENTED THIS CHAMBER! DR. KINKAID!

Mysterious Adventures #8, June 1952. Pencils: Ed Goldfarb; inks: Bob Baer. Publisher: Story Comics.

THEN THE COUNTRIES OF THE RED BANNER WERE STILL OUR ALLIES AND BART HAD A DATE WITH THE GIRL HE LOVED

YOUR TITLE MAY BE CHIEF SCIENTIST, BUT YOUR SALARY ISN'T SO HOT...

PLEASE, LET'S NOT ARGUE, PAM. I WANT TO GET MARRIED AS MUCH AS YOU DO. I'M SORRY I DON'T MAKE ENOUGH TO...

IF YOU'D LISTEN TO IGOR TIMKIN YOU COULD. YOU KNOW, HE'S THE FELLOW I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT...

TIMKIN? OH YES-- THAT FOREIGN FELLOW-- A SCIENTIST, TOO...

GOOD, YOU'LL MEET HIM. I'LL ASK HIM OVER TONIGHT...

THAT EVENING....

YES, MY COUNTRY IS MOST INTERESTED IN ATOMIC POWER-- IN FACT, IT WOULD OFFER YOU A MOST LUCRATIVE POSITION...

SOUNDS GOOD. BUT--JUST WHAT COUNTRY IS IT?

THERE'S NO NEED FOR SECRECY-- WE'RE ALL FRIENDS. MY COUNTRY IS THE LAND OF THE SOVIETS. WE ARE YOUR ALLIES. BY HELPING US YOU WOULD BE HELPING YOUR OWN LAND. WE'LL MAKE YOU RICH. NO ONE ELSE NEED KNOW!

GET OUT-- YOU CAN'T TEMPT ME. I WANT NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU OR YOUR COUNTRY... WHY IT'S ALMOST LIKE TREASON!

HOWEVER--LATER THAT EVENING..PAM CRIED AND-

ALL RIGHT, PLEASE DON'T CRY ANYMORE. I'LL CALL HIM TOMORROW-- ANYTHING TO MAKE YOU HAPPY /

WE'LL BE RICH DARLING /

THE FIRST STEP HAD BEEN TAKEN -- A DOOR OPENED. NOW--ONLY NIGHTMARE COULD FOLLOW. WEEKS LATER ON A STEAMER BOUND FOR EUROPE...

WHY SO GRUMPY? YOU'LL HAVE THE BEST EQUIPMENT, AND ASSISTANTS. OUR ATOMIC PILE WILL BE THE LARGEST... WITH YOUR HELP---

AND THINK OF THE SALARY THEY'RE PAYING YOU... A THOUSAND A WEEK /

SALARY--WHAT'S MONEY? BUT THEY'RE STILL OUR ALLIES. I'M NOT A REAL TRAITOR / PAM IS WORTH IT /

BUT DESPITE HIS MISGIVING IT WAS SOON TOO LATE FOR BART TO BACK OUT / HE WAS DEEP IN RED RUSSIA -- AT A SECRET ATOMIC PLANT IN THE URAL MOUNTAINS /

AND NOW FOR THE ATOMIC PILE-- YOU WILL SEE THAT WE ARE NOT SO FAR BEHIND YOUR PRECIOUS U.S.A. ... IN EQUIPMENT /

YEAH? THEN HOW COME THEY'RE HIRING ME?

KE

HEH / DON'T YOU SHIELD YOUR WORKERS? THE RADIATION CAN DO FUNNY THINGS...

SHIELD? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?...

EXPOSURE TO DIRECT ATOMIC RADIATION CAN BURN, SEAR,--EVEN KILL / AND, NO ONE KNOWS WHAT ELSE THESE INVISIBLE RAYS MAY DO TO THE HUMAN BODY... EVEN MAKE NEW LIFE /

THESE MEN, THE BEST PHYSICISTS OF THE ENTIRE WORLD, SAY YOU ARE WRONG...THEY HAVE BEEN WORKING UNSHIELDED FOR MONTHS, YEARS---AND THEY'RE CERTAINLY HEALTHY ENOUGH!

BUT YOU NEVER SET UP A TRUE REACTION!

SO, DESPITE HIS MISGIVINGS, BART WAS OVER-RULED AND WENT TO WORK THE NEXT DAY AT HIS TASK... HE DIDN'T KNOW THE SECRET OF DR. KINKAID'S CHAMBER...

HELLO, DARLING! HOW'D IT GO?

UH—OH—HELLO, PAM! TODAY WE SET OFF A TRUE REACTION

GOTTA SNAP OUT OF IT--FEEL SORTA WOOZY!

A FEW DAYS SPED BY. AND THEN, ONE MORNING...

I'VE BEEN HAVING BEASTLY HEADACHES, BUT THIS--NO! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE..A...A LIVING THING--ALMOST HUMAN--LIKE A—A MUTATION!!!

HE HURRIDLY DRESSED AND DASHED FROM THE ROOM...

IT'S TRUE, I TELL YOU! THE ATOMIC RADIATION HAS CAUSED SOME GERM, SOME PARASITIC GROWTH WITHIN ME, TO GROW TO ENORMOUS SIZE!

CALM DOWN---COME IN, KISS ME, AND THEN TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

A GROWTH, A MUTATION, WITHIN YOU? WHERE?

BEHIND--BEHIND MY EYES---LOOK INTO THEM!

YOU'RE JUST OVERWORKED! FIRST KISS ME, DARLING, THEN LET ME SEE! I'M *FRIGHTENED* DARLING!!

NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE!

OH! MY EYE, PAM LOOK OUT!

THE INCREDABLE MONSTROSITY SANK IT'S MINUTE FANGS INTO THE TENDER FLESH OF PAM'S NECK...

ARRUGH!

BUT BART GRABBED IT BACK BEFORE IT TOOK A REAL BITE! IT BIT BART!

IN A MATTER OF SECONDS IT WAS ALL OVER. BART WAS DEAD...

IT--IT'S GONE! BACK INTO HIS EYE! I MUST TELL IGOR-- WARN IGOR--

QUICKLY-- I MUST SEE IGOR TIMKIN-- THERE'S GREAT DANGER...

STOY! STOY!

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

IN IGORS QUARTERS...

IT WAS AWFUL--A STRANGE CREATURE--A-A MUTATION... IT CAME OUT OF HIS EYE! IT... IT...

IT WHAT? WHAT DID THIS FIGMENT OF YOUR IMAG-INATION DO?..

IT KILLED BART! YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF! I WANT TO LEAVE HERE

LEAVE? SILLY LITTLE FOOL...YOU CAN NEVER LEAVE...

YOU DON'T SCARE ME... I'LL GO WHEN I PLEASE-NOW...

QUIET!! NOW, WE'LL SEE ABOUT YOUR FANTASTIC STORY AND WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT STUPID DUPE YOU HELPED ME BETRAY...

SNAP.

HIS WORDS, THE EVENTS OF THE MORNING.. WERE TOO MUCH! PAM LEAPED FOR THE LEERING RUSSIAN...

STOP!! FOR THIS I WILL PUNISH YOU...

SUDDENLY THE HYSTERICAL GIRL STOPPED HER FUTILE STRUGGLES...

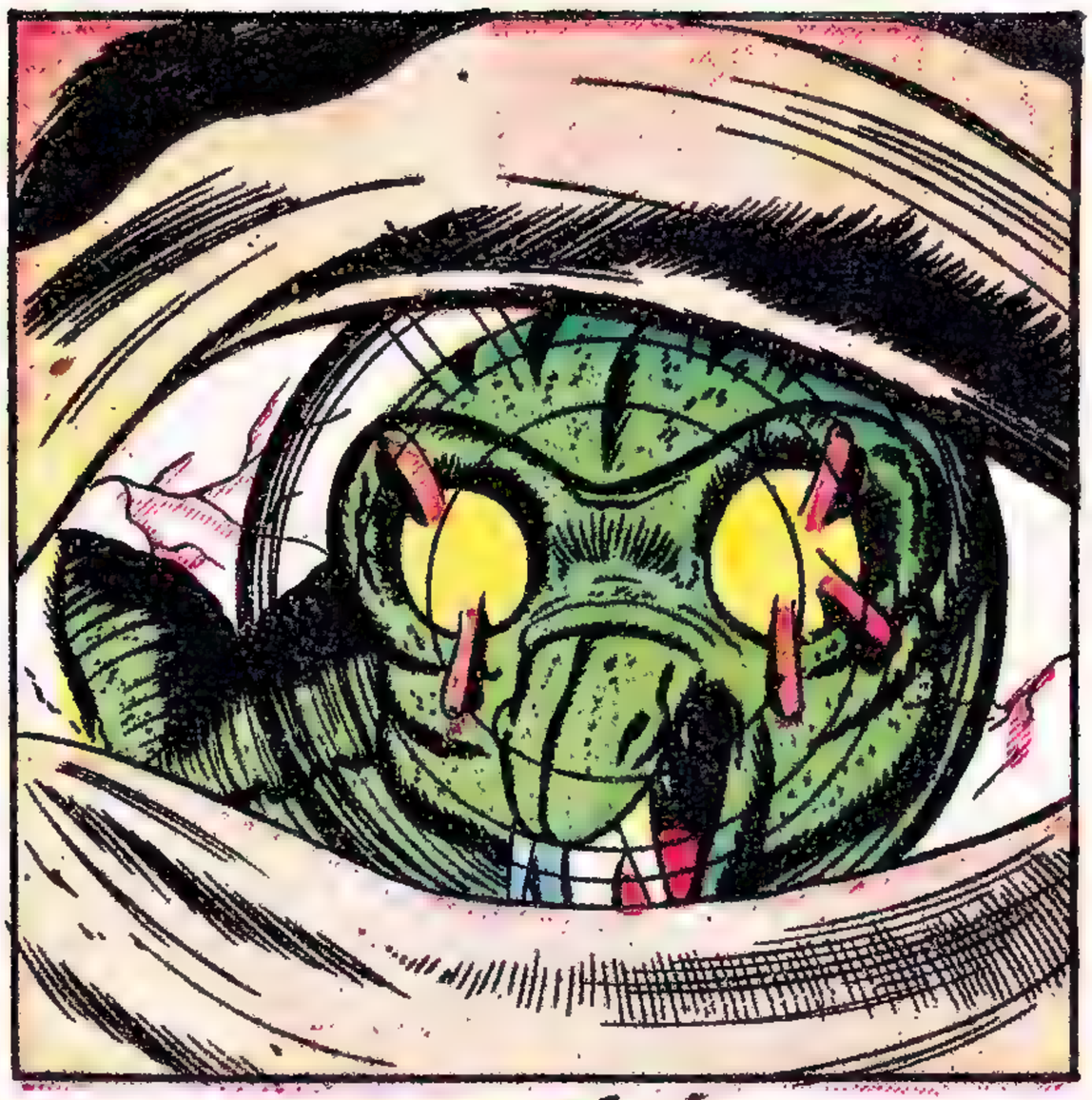
THE MUTATIONS! WAIT... COULD I HAVE BEEN INFECTED WHEN BART'S MUTATION BIT ME?...

THE SEED OF THE HORRIBLE DOUBT PLANTED, SHE WAITED FOR SOMETHING TO START SQUIRMING AWAY WITHIN HER HEAD...

IGOR! IGOR! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME! I'LL STAY... I'LL DO ANYTHING! JUST HELP ME...I'LL STAY WITH YOU!!

IT REALLY DID HAPPEN THEN! BART IS DEAD AND THERE ARE UNSHIELDED ATOMIC RAY ... MUTATATIONS.. ONE BIT HER AND SHE BIT ME...

ANIMAL-LIKE, HE SENSED HIS DANGER AND ANIMAL-LIKE, STARTED TO DESTROY THE SOURCE OF THAT DANGER...



HA-HA! YOU MADE ME A TRAITOR PAM, BUT YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME-NOW CAN YOU?
BART, BART! HELP ME! BUT--BUT YOU'RE DEAD! HE --HE'S LAUGHING! SOMEWHERE BART IS LAUGHING!! OH NO--NO--NO!!
IN HER AGONY, PAM THOUGHT SHE SAW BART OR HIS GHOST....

JUST THEN SHE FELT A TWINGE, AN ITCHING SENSATION BEHIND HER LEFT EYE...

THAT'S ALL..BUT WAIT! I HADN'T NOTICED BEFORE--MY EYES FEEL SO STRANGE--SO TIRED AND TAUT! HOW DO YOURS FEEL? THINK HARD-- HOW DO THEY FEEL RIGHT NOW?

The end

WHEN I WAS BUILT TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO, I WAS BRIGHT AND PROUD AND NEW. AND FOR TWO CENTURIES, GOOD PEOPLE AND BAD PEOPLE LIVED AND DIED WITHIN MY WALLS!. **BUT IT WAS THE BAD ONES WHO LEFT THEIR MARK!** FOR TODAY I AM THE HOUSE WITH NOBODY IN IT; TODAY I AM ALONE, AND DESOLATE, DESPISED, AND CRUMBLING; TODAY I AM CALLED...

TRAITOR'S HOUSE

ANTHONY D'ADAMO ©

BY DAY, YOUNG BOYS SHOW THEIR HATE FOR ME...

C'MON, FELLAS! LET'S GIVE IT TO THAT UGLY HULK!

BY NIGHT PEOPLE FLEE FROM ME...

COUNTY OUGHTA BURN IT DOWN! LISTEN TO THOSE SOUNDS, LIKE THE UNDEAD!

THERE WAS ONLY ONE WHO REALLY LIKED ME--WILLIE THE WEEPER, A HALF-WIT...

HEE HEE! THEY CALL IT TRAITOR'S HOUSE, BUT I CALL IT MY HOUSE! MINE!

Monster #1, 1953. Art: Anthony D'Adamo. Publisher: Fiction House.

WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK, COMRADE LEADER!

AND THERE WERE OTHERS WHO LIKED ME - FOR THEIR OWN REASONS. LIKE THOSE FOREIGN SPEAKING MEN...

IT IS EXCELLENT FOR OUR PURPOSE. EXCELLENT, THAT IS, IF NO ONE COMES HERE AND SEES WHAT WE DO!

PAH! IT HAS BEEN DESERTED FOR MANY YEARS!

THE PEOPLE HEREABOUTS SHUN IT, MY LEADER, AS THEY WOULD THE PLAGUE!

YES, WE WILL BRING HIM HERE. EVERYTHING IS AS YOU SAY.

LISTEN! A VOICE, SOMEONE LURKS AT THE REAR...

GO, WILLIE...GO, WHILE THERE IS TIME...

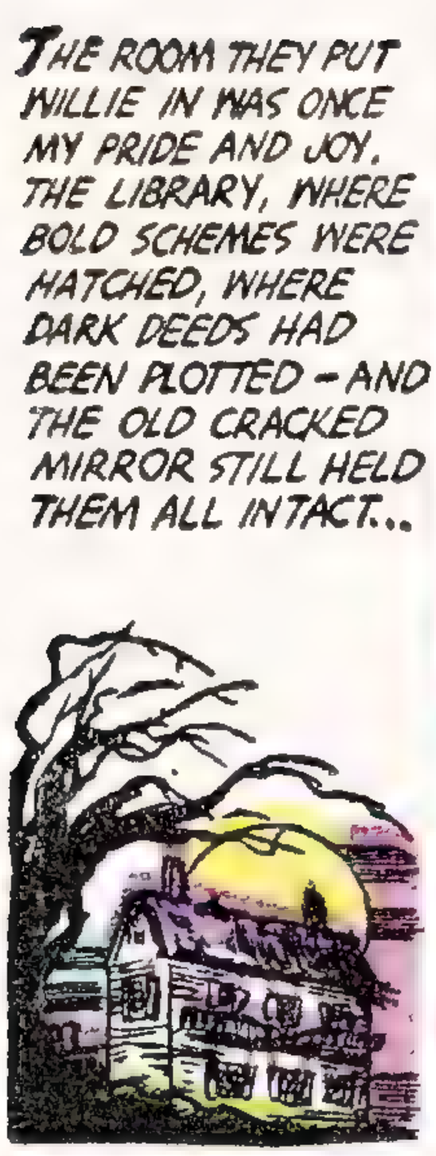
B-BUT I LIKE IT HERE! THIS IS MY HOUSE!

PAH! NOTHING BUT A HALF-WIT, TALKING TO HIMSELF IN THE DARKNESS!

ONE OF MY SPIRITS HAD TRIED TO WARN WILLIE, BUT HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND...

LOCK HIM IN ONE OF THE ROOMS - QUICKLY!

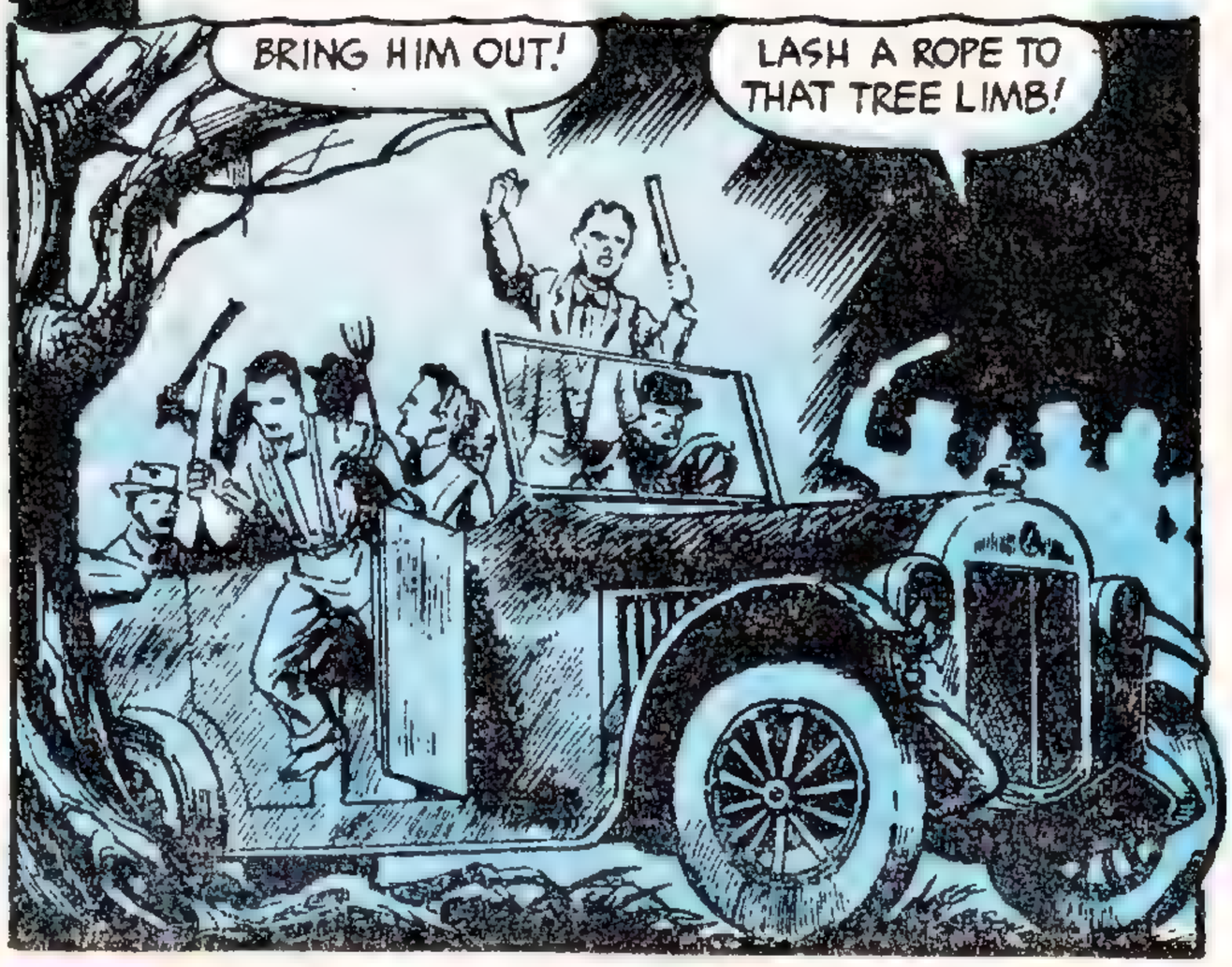
THE ROOM THEY PUT WILLIE IN WAS ONCE MY PRIDE AND JOY. THE LIBRARY, WHERE BOLD SCHEMES WERE HATCHED, WHERE DARK DEEDS HAD BEEN PLOTTED - AND THE OLD CRACKED MIRROR STILL HELD THEM ALL INTACT...



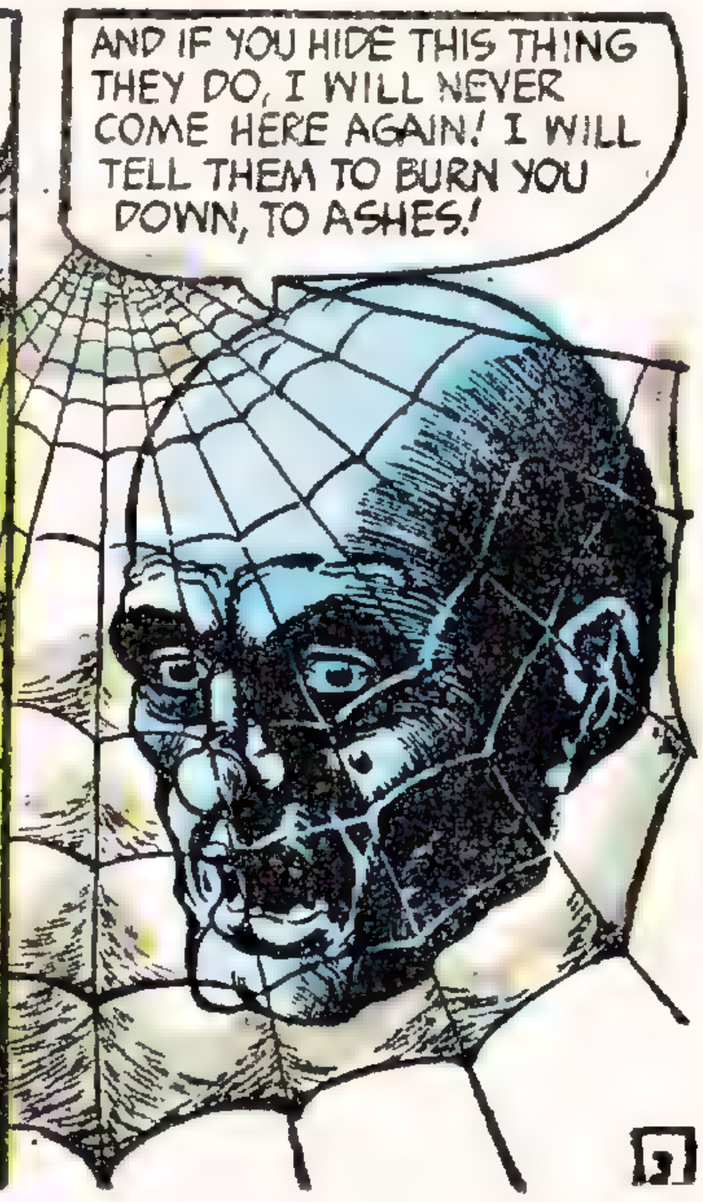
IN 1779 BRITISH SPIES USED IT FOR THEIR HEAD-QUARTERS...

ON APRIL 14, 1865 TWO MEN MET THERE AT NINE-TWENTY IN THE EVENING...

IN 1917, A GERMAN SPY USED IT FOR SENDING SHIPPING SCHEDULES VIA WIRELESS, BUT...



HE WAS EXECUTED ON THE SPOT - AND EVEN TODAY HIS VOICE MOANS THROUGH THE WIND-BENT TREES...



SOME MILES AWAY THERE WAS ANOTHER HOUSE, A HOUSE THAT WAS RESPECTED, A BUILDING OF STONE THAT HOUSED A LABORATORY OF SCIENCE--AND INSIDE IT, ATOMIC SCIENTIST, JOHN B. FLETCHER, PORED AWAY OVER A NEW FORMULA...

HOW DOES HE TIE IN WITH ME--TRAITOR'S HOUSE? WATCH AND YOU'LL SEE...

AH, COMPLETE! WAIT, THAT KNOCKING..MUST BE THE WATCHMAN...

WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT? I-WHAT? WHO ARE YOU?

SILENCE HIM, QUICKLY!

YOU ARE CERTAIN, THIS IS FLETCHER, ANTON?

POSITIVE! I'VE WATCHED HIM FOR WEEKS. GET HIM TO THE CAR!

BACK TO THAT OLD ABANDONED HOUSE, DRIVER! THE LEADER AWAITS US THERE! GO!

YES, THEY CAME...BACK. BACK TO ME, SO MY AGED WALLS WOULD HIDE THEIR DARK DEED...

AND SOON...

I DEMAND TO KNOW WHY I'VE BEEN KIDNAPPED AND BROUGHT HERE!

YOU SHALL KNOW SOON ENOUGH! TAKE HIM TO THE SUB-CELLAR!

THEN THEY WERE DEEP DOWN WITHIN ME SO NO PASSERBY WOULD SEE THE GLEAM OF THEIR EVIL LIGHT...

THE NEW ATOMIC FORMULA, FOOL- YOU WILL GIVE IT TO US!

STOP! HE WISHES TO SPEAK!

KILL ME NOW! I'LL NEVER TELL YOU!

WE HAVE BETTER WAYS, FOOL, SINCE YOU ARE A CLAUSTROPHOBIAC! PUT HIM INSIDE THE CASKET!

NO, NO, PLEASE-- I-I...

QUICKLY, SHUT THE LID!

JOHN B. FLETCHER, LOYAL TO A FAULT TO HIS COUNTRY, NOW PLEADING WITH ENEMY AGENTS...

LET ME OUT! I CAN'T STAND IT! I'LL TALK!

WILLIE THE WEEPER WAS TALKING TO THE WAIL OF THE WIND...

AND IF THEY KILL THAT MAN DOWN THERE, THE OTHERS WILL COME FROM THE TOWN AND BURN YOU DOWN. I'LL TELL THEM TO!

AND THE WIND HAD HEARD HIM, FOR THE SPIRITS WHO LIVED WITHIN ME CAME...

WE HEARD YOU, WILLIE, WE CAME, BECAUSE YOU ARE OUR ONLY, LIVING FRIEND!

THEN, WILLIE THE WEEPER WAS LEADING THEM DOWN THE LONG FLIGHT OF STEPS....

THEY'RE BAD 'UNS- ALL OF 'EM ARE BAD!

VOICES! WHY IT'S THAT HALF-WIT!

HE HAS BROUGHT OTHERS- LOOK!

THEY WATCHED, TERRIFIED, AS THE SPIRITS CAME CLOSER-- CLOSER...

EVIL MUST DIE!

SOMETIME LATER, THE ENEMY AGENTS' LEADER RAN GIBBERING INTO A POLICE STATION...

ARREST ME, OFFICER! THOSE "THINGS" ARE AFTER ME! PUT ME IN A CELL!

LOCK 'IM UP, REILLY-- WE'LL INVESTIGATE!

AND STILL LATER, A NEWSCASTER ANNOUNCED THE LATEST BULLETIN...

THE EMINENT ATOMIC SCIENTIST, JOHN B. FLETCHER, WAS FOUND ROAMING ALONG A COUNTRY ROAD...WITNESSES SAID HE WAS RAVING ABOUT GHOSTS SAVING HIM...

NOW THEY'LL LET YOU STAY HERE. WE'LL BE HERE TOGETHER!

AND TONIGHT THE WIND IS WHISPERING THROUGH MY EAVES, THROUGH THE GHOST-HUNG TREES AND THE EERIE WORDS CAN BE HEARD BY PASSERSBY... TRAITOR'S HOUSE!

THE END

Don't want to influence any of you, but you gotta watch out for these arty guys. *THEY'LL REALLY KILL YA* if you aren't ready for them. Here's a tantalizing tale about one of them, I call it...

MODERN DESIGN!

I KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS NEW MODERNISTIC FURNITURE DESIGNING, LONNY... IT NEEDS A WOMAN'S TOUCH! ***IT SHOULD HAVE SOME PART OF ME IN IT!*** AFTER ALL, I'M A DESIGNER ALSO!

WE'VE BEEN THROUGH THAT BEFORE, RUTH... YOU JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, THAT'S ALL!

MAYBE THAT'S WHY YOU CAN'T SELL ANY OF IT... NOBODY CAN UNDERSTAND IT!

BUT THEY WILL! JUST GIVE THEM TIME! AND ONCE IT CATCHES ON IT'LL SELL LIKE WILD-FIRE! WE'LL BE ON TOP OF THE WORLD BEFORE YOU KNOW IT!

YOU'VE BEEN SAYING THAT FOR OVER THREE YEARS NOW! I CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER! SOMETHING BETTER HAPPEN... AND SOON!

IT WILL, DARLING, IT WILL! JUST GIVE ME A LITTLE MORE TIME... THAT'S ALL I NEED... A LITTLE MORE TIME...

Mister Mystery #10, March–April 1953. Art: Eugene E. Hughes. Publisher: Stanley Morse.

HEH...HEH...HEH...WE MEN WILL NEVER LEARN, WILL WE? YOU JUST CAN'T ARGUE WITH A WOMAN! LONNY DIDN'T REALIZE THAT... HE JUST WENT RIGHT ON WORKING... WORKING... WORKING!

I'VE GOT TO BE A SUCCESS, I'VE JUST GOT TO! AND AS SOON AS MY DESIGNS HAVE THEIR EXHIBITION I KNOW I WILL... I CAN'T MISS!

LATER THAT DAY...

LONNY, I WANT YOU TO MEET MR. STEELE. I TOLD HIM ABOUT YOUR FURNITURE AND HE'S VERY INTERESTED!

AND NOW THAT I SEE IT, I'M EVEN MORE INTERESTED! YOU'VE MADE A SALE, YOUNG LADY!

YOUR WIFE DID QUITE A SELLING JOB ON ME. AND NOW THAT I'VE SEEN THE STYLE I HAVE A COMMISSION FOR YOU... I WANT YOU TO DESIGN A PIECE FOR ME!

OF COURSE, MR. STEELE... ANY TYPE OF FURNITURE THAT YOU WANT. WHAT DID YOU HAVE IN MIND?

WELL, YOUR WIFE HAD SOME WONDERFUL IDEAS FOR A LAMP.

SEE, LONNY, I TOLD YOU I HAD IDEAS TOO... MAYBE THIS TIME YOU'LL PUT *SOMETHING OF ME IN IT!*

WE'LL SEE... WE'LL SEE!

NOW REMEMBER, I'M VERY HARD TO PLEASE. IF I DON'T LIKE THE LAMP I REFUSE TO BUY IT!

OH, I'M SURE YOU'LL LIKE IT!... JUST LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME!

A WHILE LATER...

IT WORKED! HE DOESN'T SUSPECT THERE'S A THING BETWEEN US!

THAT GUY IS TOO WRAPPED UP IN THAT FURNITURE OF HIS TO SUSPECT ANYTHING! WELL, HERE'S TO SUCCESS IN OUR LITTLE SCHEME!

HEH... HEH... HEH... GET THE PLOT? WELL LONNY DIDN'T... HE WAS TOO HAPPY WORKING ON HIS NEW COMMISSION... AT LAST HE HAD WHAT HE WANTED... SOMEONE INTERESTED IN HIS *MODERN DESIGN!*

WAIT'LL HE SEES THIS! IT'LL KNOCK HIS EYES OUT... THIS SHOULD BE JUST WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR!

A FEW DAYS LATER...

HELLO, MR. STEELE... YES, IT'S FINISHED... I'M SURE YOU'LL LIKE IT... OKAY, SEE YOU LATER IN THE AFTERNOON THEN... 'BYE...!

AND THAT AFTERNOON...

WELL, THERE IT IS! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?

THAT MONSTROSITY! IT'S TERRIBLE! NOTHING AT ALL LIKE WHAT I HAD IN MIND!

THIS IS A PIECE OF GARBAGE, ONLY AN IMBECILE COULD THINK OF SOMETHING LIKE THIS! WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO, MAKE MY HOUSE THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD!

BUT YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE... JUST ONE MORE CHANCE, MR. STEELE!

WELL, ALL RIGHT, BUT THIS TIME LISTEN TO YOUR WIFE... PUT *SOMETHING OF HER IN IT!* SHE HAS SUCH WONDERFUL IDEAS!

SEE, I TOLD YOU!

THAT EVENING...

DID YOU SEE THE LOOK ON HIS FACE... I'LL NEVER FORGET IT!

I THINK HE'S GOING TO CRACK, RUTH... JUST A FEW MORE INCIDENTS LIKE TODAY AND HE'LL BE A RAVING LUNATIC... THEN THERE'LL BE NOTHING IN OUR WAY... *NOTHING!*

DIABOLICAL SCHEME, EH WHAT? DRIVE A GENIUS MAD BY INSULTING HIS CREATIONS... IT WASN'T HARD TO THINK UP... NOT WHEN YOUR GENIUS WAS LONNY...

I CAN UNDERSTAND WHY MR. STEELE DIDN'T LIKE IT... THAT STUFF IS JUNK... OF WHAT USE IS IT?

YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND. IT'S ***FUNCTIONAL!*** EVERYTHING HAS A USE... BESIDES THE ORIGINAL BEAUTY OF THE DESIGN!

MAYBE YOU'D DO BETTER IF YOU'D LISTEN TO MR. STEELE... ***PUT SOMETHING OF ME*** IN YOUR WORK... I HAVE SOME GOOD IDEAS, YOU KNOW!

OH LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT IT... BESIDES I HAVE TO GO UPTOWN FOR THE REST OF THE DAY. I'LL BE BACK LATE TONIGHT, SO DON'T WAIT UP FOR ME.

"BUT LONNY FINISHED WORK EARLIER THAN HE THOUGHT, AND RETURNED TO FIND..."

WHY, IT'S MR. STEELE AND RUTH? FUNNY THAT SHE DIDN'T KNOW THAT THIS WAS A TWO-WAY MIRROR... A REAL ***FUNCTIONAL*** PIECE. WONDER WHAT THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT?

BUT IT'S TAKING SO LONG... I DON'T THINK IT'LL WORK!

OF COURSE IT WILL, DARLING... ALL WE NEED IS A LITTLE MORE TIME, THAT'S ALL. HE'LL REALLY CRACK WHEN I TELL HIM WHAT I THINK OF HIS NEXT MODEL!

OH DARLING, I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL WE'RE RID OF HIM... WHY DON'T WE JUST DO AWAY WITH HIM!

THE POLICE MIGHT SUSPECT SOMETHING... THIS IS THE BEST WAY!

I CAN'T LET THEM GET AWAY WITH IT... I'VE GOT TO DESTROY THEM... LIKE THEY INTENDED TO DESTROY ME!

THE FURIES OPENED UP AND SPENT THEIR WRATH ON EARTH, FOR SOMEWHERE ON THIS MORTAL SPHERE MAYHEM WAS OCCURING... **MURDER** WAS TAKING PLACE...

LONNY WORKED HARD THE NEXT FEW DAYS, AND THEN...

BUT MR. STEELE ISN'T HOME.

THAT'S ALL RIGHT... HE'S EXPECTING ME! I HAVE SOMETHING FOR HIM! SO I'LL JUST WAIT INSIDE FOR HIM!

A FEW HOURS LATER...

THE MAID TOLD ME THERE'S SOMEONE HERE TO SEE ME... WHO IS IT? WHAT ARE YOU SITTING IN THE DARK FOR?

IT'S ONLY ME, MR. STEELE... LONNY. YES, IT IS RATHER DARK IN HERE. MAYBE I'D BETTER TURN ON YOUR NEW LAMP!

THERE IT IS, MR. STEELE! YOU WANTED **SOMETHING OF HER IN IT...** WELL NOW YOU'VE GOT IT!

WELL, THAT ENDS OUR LITTLE TALE OF THE FURNITURE MAKER... GOT A LITTLE **STUFFY**, DIDN'T HE... BUT THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOUR WIFE HAS **DESIGNS** OF HER OWN... HEH... HEH... HEH...

Tyrant Lizard Kings
EMPIRE